E.H. Van Hove Sculp.

London Printed for Samuel Manship at the Black Bull in Cornhill near the Royall Exchange.

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THE

LIVES

Of the most Famous

English Poets,

OR THE

Honour of *PARNASSUS*;

In a Brief

ESSAY

OF THE

WORKS and WRITINGS

of above Two Hundred of them, from the Time of K. *WILLIAM* the Conqueror, To the Reign of His Present Majesty

King JAMES II.

Marmora Mæonij vincunt Monumenta Libelli;
Vivitur ingenio, cætera Mortis erunt.

Written by *WILLIAM WINSTANLEY*, Author of the *English Worthies.*

Licensed, *June* 16, 1686. Rob. Midgley.

LONDON,

Printed by *H. Clark*, for Samuel Manship at the Sign of the *Black Bull* in *Cornhil*, 1687.

TO THE WORSHIPFUL

Francis Bradbury, Eſq;

THE Judicious Philoſopher *Philo-Judæus*, in his Book *De Plantatione* Noe, ſaith, *That when God had made the whole World's Maſs, he created Poets to celebrate and ſet out the Creator himſelf, and all his Creatures:* ſuch a high Eſtimate had he of thoſe Genius of brave Verſe. Another ſaith, that Poets were the firſt *Politicians*, the firſt *Philoſophers*, and the firſt *Hiſtoriographers*. And although

Learning and Poetick Skill were but very rude in this our Iſland, when it flouriſhed to the height in *Greece* and *Rome*, yet ſince hath it made ſuch improvement, that we come not behind any Nation in the World, both in Grandity and Gravity, in Smoothneſs and Propriety, in Quickneſs and Briefneſs; ſo that for *Skill*, *Variety*, *Efficacy* and *Sweetneſs*, the four material points required in a Poet, our *Engliſh* Sons of *Apollo*, and Darlings of the *Delian Deity*, may compare, if not exceed them.

——— *Whoſe victorious Rhime,*
Revenge their Maſters Death,
and conquer Time.

And

And indeed what is it that ſo maſters Oblivion, and cauſeth the Names of the dead to live, as the divine Strains of ſacred Poeſie? How are the Names forgotten of thoſe mighty Monarchs, the Founders of the *Egyptian Pyramids*, when that *Ballad-Poet*, *Thomas Elderton*, who did arm himſelf with Ale (as old Father *Ennius* did with Wine) is remembred in Mr. *Cambden's Remains*? having this made to his Memory,

Hic ſitus eſt ſitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico, hic ſitus eſt; hic potius ſitis eſt.

Now, Sir, all my Ambition, that I addreſs theſe *Lines* unto you, is, that you will pardon

the Defects I have committed herein, as having done my good will in so short an *Epitome* to lay a *Ground-work*, on which may be built a *sumptuous Structure*; a Work well worthy the Pen of a second *Plutarch*; since Poetical Devices have been well esteemed even amongst them who have been ignorant of what they are; as the judicious Mr. *Cambden* reports of *Sieur Gauland*, who, when he heard a Gentleman express that he was at a Supper, where they had not only good Company and good Chear, but also savoury *Epigrams*, and fine *Anagrams*; he returning home, rated and belowted his *Cook*, as an

ignorant

ignorant *Scullion*, that never dressed or served up to him either *Epigrams* or *Anagrams*.

But, *Sir*, I intrench upon your Patience, and shall no further; only subscribing my self,

Your Worship's ever

to be Commanded,

William Winstanley.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

AS we account thoſe Books beſt written which mix Profit with Delight, ſo, in my opinion, none more profitable nor delightful than thoſe of Lives, eſpecially them of Poets, who have laid out themſelves for the publick Good; and under the Notion of Fables, delivered unto us the higheſt Myſteries of Learning. Theſe are the Men who in their Heroick Poems have made mens Fames live to eternity; therefore it were pity (ſaith *Plutarch*) that thoſe who write to Eternity, ſhould not live ſo too. Now above all Remembrances by which men have endeavoured even in deſpight of Death, to give unto their Fames eternity,

eternity, for Worthineſs and Continuance, Books, and Writings, have ever had the Preheminence; which made *Ovid* to give an endleſs Date to himſelf, and to his *Metamorphoſis*, in theſe Words;

Jamque Opus exegi, &c.

Thus Engliſhed by the incomparable Mr. *Sandys*.

And now the Work is ended, which Jove's *Rage,*
Nor Fire, nor Sword, ſhall raze, nor eating Age,
Come when it will, my Death's uncertain hour,
Which only of my Body hath a power:
Yet ſhall my better Part tranſcend the Sky,
And my immortal Name ſhall never dy:
For whereſoe're the Roman *Eagles ſpread*
Their conquering Wings, I ſhall of all be read.
And if we Prophets truly can divine,
I in my living Fame ſhall ever ſhine.

With the ſame Confidence of Immortality, the Renowned Poet *Horace* thus concludes the Third Book of his *Lyrick* Poeſie.

Exegi

Exegi Monumentum are perennius.
Regalique ſitu, &c.

A Monument than Braſs more laſting, I,
Than Princely Pyramids in ſite more high
Have finiſhed, which neither fretting Showrs,
Nor bluſtring Winds, nor flight of Years, and Hours,
Though numberleſs, can raze; I ſhall not die
Wholly; nor ſhall my beſt part buried lie
Within my Grave.

And *Martial*, Lib. 10. Ep. 2. thus ſpeaks of his Writings;

——*My Books are read in every place,*
And when Licinius, *and* Meſſala's *high*
Rich Marble Towers in ruin'd Duſt ſhall lie,
I ſhall be read, and Strangers every where,
Shall to their farthest Homes my Verſes bear.

Alſo *Lucan*, Lib. 9. of his own Verſe, and *Cæſar's* Victory at *Pharſalia*, writeth thus;

O great and ſacred Work of Poeſie!
Thou freest from Fate, and giv'st Eternity
To mortal Wights; but Cæſar *envy not*
Their living Names; if Roman *Muſes ought*
May promiſe thee, whilſt Homer's *honoured,*
By future Times ſhalt Thou and I be read;
No Age ſhall us with dark Oblivion ſtain,
But our Pharſalia *ever ſhall remain.*

But this Ambition, or (give it a more moderate Title, Deſire of Fame, is naturally addicted to moſt men; The Triumph of *Miltiades* would not let *Themiſtocles* ſleep; For what was it that *Alexander* made ſuch a Buſtle in the world, but only to purchaſe an immortal Fame? To what purpoſe were erected thoſe ſtupendious Structures, entituled *The Wonders of the World, viz.* The walls of *Babylon*, the *Rhodian Coloſſus*, the Pyramids of *Egypt*, the Tomb of *Mauſolus*, *Diana's* Temple at *Epheſus*, the *Pharoes* Watch-Tower, and the Statue of *Jupiter* in Achaya, were they not all to purchaſe an immortal Fame thereby? Nay, how ſoon was this Ambition bred in the heart of man? for we read in *Geneſis* the 11th. how that preſently after the Flood, the People journeying from the

the *East*, they ſaid among themſelves, *Go to, let us build us a City, and a Tower, whoſe Top may reach unto Heaven; and let us make us a Name.* Here you ſee the intent of their Building was to make them a Name, though God made it a Confuſion; as all ſuch other lofty Buildings built in Blood and Tyranny, of which nothing now remains but the Name; which is excellently expreſt by *Ovid* in the Fifteenth Book of his *Metamorphoſis.*

Troy *rich and powerful, which ſo proudly ſtood,*
That could for ten years ſpend ſuch ſtreams of Blood,
For Buildings, only her old Ruines ſhows,
For Riches, Tombs, which ſlaughter'd Sires encloſe,
Sparta, Mycenæ, *were of* Greece *the Flowers;*
So Cecrops *City, and* Amphion's *Towers:*
Now glorious Sparta *lies upon the ground,*
Lofty Mycenæ *hardly to be found.*
Of Oedipus *his* Thebes *what now remains?*
Or of Pandion's Athens, *but their Names?*

So

So alſo *Sylveſter* in his *Du Bartus.*

Thebes, Babel, Rome, *thoſe proud Heaven-daring Wonders,*
Lo under ground in Duſt and Aſhes lie,
For earthly Kingdoms even as men do die.

By this you may ſee that frail Paper is more durable than Braſs or Marble; and the Works of the Brain more laſting than that of the Hand; ſo true is that old Verſe,

Marmora *Mæonij* vincunt Monumenta Libelli:
Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

The Muſes Works Stone-Monuments outlaſt.
'Tis Wit keeps Life, all elſe Death will down caſt.

Now though it is the deſire of all Writers to purchaſe to themſelves immortal Fame, yet is their Fate far different; ſome deſerve Fame, and have it; others neither have it, nor deſerve it; ſome have it not deſerving, and others, though deſerving, yet totally miſs it, or have it not equall to their Deſerts: Thus have I known a well

well writ Poem, after a double expence of Brain to bring it forth, and of Purſe to publiſh it to the World, condemned to the Drudgery of the *Chandler* or *Oyl-man*, or, which is worſe, to light *Tobacco*. I have read in Dr. *Fuller*'s *Englands Worthies*, that Mr. *Nathanael Carpenter*, that great Scholar for *Logick*, the *Mathematicks*, *Geography*, and *Divinity*, ſetting forth a Book of *Opticks*, he found, to his great grief, the Preface thereof in his Printers Houſe, *Caſing Chriſtmas Pies*, and could never after from his ſcattered Notes recover an Original thereof; thus (ſaith he) *Pearls* are no *Pearls*, when *Cocks* or *Coxcombs* find them.

There are two things which very much diſcourage Wit; ignorant Readers, and want of *Mecænaſſes* to encourage their Endeavours. For the firſt, I have read of an eminent Poet, who paſſing by a company of Bricklayers at work, who were repeating ſome of his Verſes, but in ſuch a manner as quite marred the Sence and Meaning of them; he ſnatching up a Hammer, fell to breaking their Bricks; and being demanded the reaſon thereof, he told them, that *they ſpoiled his Work, and he ſpoiled theirs.* And for the ſecond; what greater encouragement to Ingenuity than Liberality? Hear what the Poet *Martial* ſaith, *Lib.* 10. *Epig.* 11. *What*

What deathleſs numbers from my Pen would
flow,
What Wars would my Pierian *Trumpet*
blow,
If, as Auguſtus *now again did live,*
So Rome *to me would a* Mecænas *give.*

The ingenious Mr. *Oldham*, the glory of our late Age, in one of his Satyrs, makes the renowned *Spenſer*'s Ghoſt thus ſpeak to him, diſſwading him from the Study of Poetry.

Chuſe ſome old Engliſh *Hero for thy Theme,*
Bold Arthur, *or great* Edward's *greater*
Son,
Or our fifth Henry, *matchleſs to renown;*
Make Agin-Court, *and* Creſcy-*fields out-vie*
The fam'd Laucinan-*ſhores, and walls of*
Troy;
What Scipio, *what* Mæcenas *wouldſt thou*
find;
What Sidney *now to thy great project*
kind?
Bleſs me! how great a *Genius!* how each
Line
Is big with Senſe! how glorious a deſign
Does through the whole, and each pro-
portion ſhine!

How

How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inſpir'd!
Pity, ſuch wondrous Parts are not preferr'd:
Cry a gay wealthy Set, who would not bail,
For bare Five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
Should he ſtarve there and rot; who, if a Brief
Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
To the whole Tribe would ſcarce a Teſter give.

But ſome will ſay, it is not ſo much the *Patrons* as the *Poets* fault, whoſe wide Mouths ſpeak nothing but Bladders and Bumbaſt, treating only of trifles, the Muſes Haberdaſhers of ſmall wares.

Whoſe Wit is but a Tavern-Tympany,
The Shavings and the Chips of Poetry.

Indeed ſuch Pedlars to the Muſes, whoſe Verſe runs like the Tap, and whoſe invention ebbs and flows as the Barrel, deſerve not the name of Poets, and are juſtly rejected as the common Scriblers of the times: but for ſuch who fill'd with *Phebean*-fire, deſerve to be crowned with a wreath of Stars; for ſuch brave Souls, the darlings

of the *Delian* Deity, for theſe to be ſcorn'd, contemn'd, and diſregarded, muſt needs be the fault of the times; I ſhall only give you one inſtance of a renowned Poet, out of the ſame Author.

On Butler, *who can think without juſt rage,*
The glory and the ſcandal of the age;
Fair ſtood his hopes, when firſt he came to Town,
Met every where with welcoms of renown,
Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promiſes of Princely favour fed:
But what reward for all had he at laſt,
After a life in dull expectance paſs'd?
The wretch at ſumming up his miſpent days,
Found nothing left, but poverty, and praiſe:
Of all his gains by Verſe he could not ſave
Enough to purchaſe Flannel, and a grave:
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell ſick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on Tick:
And well might bleſs the Feaver that was ſent,
To rid him hence, and his worſe fate prevent.

Thus you ſee though we have had ſome comparable to *Homer* for Heroick Poeſie, and to *Euripides* for Tragedy, yet have they died diſregarded, and nothing left of them, but

but that only once there were ſuch Men and Writings in being.

I ſhall, in the next place, ſpeak ſomething of my Undertakings, in writing the Lives of theſe Renowned Poets. Two things, I ſuppoſe, may be laid to my charge; the one is the omiſſion of ſome that ought with good reaſon to have been mentioned; and the other, the mentioning of thoſe which without any injury might have been omitted. For the firſt, as I have begg'd pardon at the latter end of my Book for their omiſſion, ſo have I promiſed, (if God ſpare me life ſo long) upon the firſt opportunity, or ſecond Edition of this Book, to do them right. In the mean time I ſhould think my ſelf much beholding to thoſe perſons who would give me any intelligence herein, it being beyond the reading and acquaintance of any one ſingle perſon to do it of himſelf.

And yet, let me tell ye, that by the Name of Poet, many more of former times might have been brought in than what I have named, as well as thoſe which I have omitted that are now living, namely, Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, Mr. *John Weever*, Dr. *Heylin*, Dr. *Fuller*, &c. but the Volume growing as big as the Bookſeller at preſent was willing to have it, we ſhall

reſerve them to another time, they having already eternized their Names by the never dying Hiſtories which they have wrote.

Then for the ſecond thing which may be objected againſt me, That I have incerted ſome of the meaneſt rank; I anſwer, That comparatively, it is a leſs fault to incert two, than to omit one, moſt of which in their times were of good eſteem, though now grown out of date, even as ſome learned Works have been at firſt not at all reſpected, which afterwards have been had in high eſtimation; as it is reported of Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, who being Priſoner in the Tower, expecting every hour to be ſacrificed to the *Spaniſh* cruelty, ſome few days before he ſuffered, he ſent for Mr. *Walter Burre*, who had formerly printed his firſt Volume of of *the Hiſtory of the World*, whom, taking by the hand, after ſome other diſcourſe, he ask'd him, How that Work of his had ſold? Mr. *Burre* returned this anſwer, That it ſold ſo ſlowly, that it had undone him. At which words of his, Sir *Walter Rawleigh* ſtepping to his Desk, reaches the other part of his Hiſtory, to Mr. *Burre*, which he had brought down to the times he lived in; clapping his hand on his breaſt, he took the

the other unprinted part of his Works into his hand with a ſigh, ſaying, *Ah my Friend, hath the firſt Part undone thee? The ſecond Volume ſhall undo no more; this ungrateful World is unworthy of it;* When immediately going to the fire-ſide he threw it in, and ſet his foot on it till it was conſumed. As great a Loſs to Learning as Chriſtendom could have, or owned; for his firſt Volume after his death ſold Thouſands.

It may likewiſe be objected, That ſome of theſe Poets here mentioned, have been more famous in other kind of Studies than in Poetry, and therefore do not ſhine here as in their proper ſphere of fame; but what then, ſhall their general knowledge debar them from a particular notice of their Abilities in this moſt excellent Art? Nor have we ſcarce any Poet excellent in all its Species thereof; ſome addicting themſelves moſt to the *Epick*, ſome to the *Dramatick*, ſome to the *Lyrick*, other to the *Elegiack*, the *Epænitick*, the *Bucolick*, or the *Epigram*; under one of which all the whole circuit of *Poetick Deſign* is one way or other included.

Beſides, ſhould we have mentioned none but thoſe who upon a ſtrict ſcrutiny the Name of Poet doth belong unto, I fear me

our number would fall much ſhort of thoſe which we have written; for as one writes, *There are many that have a Fame deſervedly for what they have writ, even in Poetry itſelf, who, if they come to the teſt, I queſtion how well they would endure to open their Eagle-eyes againſt the Sun.* But I ſhall wade no further in this Diſcourſe, deſiring you to accept of what is here written.

I remain

Yours,

William Winſtanley.

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THE

LIVES

Of the moſt Famous

Engliſh Poets,

FROM

WILLIAM the *Conqueror*,

to theſe Preſent Times.

The Life of ROBERT of Gloceſter.

WE will begin firſt with *Robert* of *Gloceſter*, ſo called, becauſe a Monk of that City, who flouriſht about the Reign of King *Henry* the Second; much eſteemed by Mr. *Cambden*, who quotes divers of his old *Engliſh* Rhythms in praiſe of his Native Country,

England. Some (who consider not the Learning of those times) term him a Rhymer, whilst others more courteously call him a Poet: Indeed his Language is such, that he is dumb in effect, to the Readers of our Age, without an Interpreter; which that ye may the better perceive, hear these his Verses of *Malmutius Donwallo*, in the very same Language he wrote them.

A Kynge there was in Brutayne Donwallo was his Nam,
Stalewerth and hardy, a man of grete Fam:
He ordeyned furst yat theeues yat to Temple flowen wer,
No men wer so hardy to do hem despit ther;
That hath he moche such yhold, as hit begonne tho,
Holy Chyrch it holdeth yur, and wole ever mo.

Antiquaries (amongst whom Mr. *Selden*) more value him for his History than Poetry, his Lines being neither strong nor smooth, yet much informing in those things wherein he wrote; whereof to give you a taste of the first planting Religion in this Land by King *Lucius*,

Lucie Coeles Son after him Kynge was,
To sore hym in Engelonde Chrestendom non was,
For he hurde ofte miracles at Rome,
And in meny another stede, yat thurgh Chrystene men come,
He wildnede anon in hys herte to fonge Chrystendom.
Therefor Messagers with good Letters he nom,
That

That to the Pape Eleutherie haſtelyche wende;
And yat he to hym and his menne erpondem ſende,
And yat he might ſeruy God wilned muche thereto,
And ſeyd he wald noght be glader hyt wer ydo.

This *Engliſh* Rhymer or Poet, which you will have it to be, is ſaid to have lived whilſt he was a very old man, and to have died about the beginning of the Reign of King *John*.

RICHARD the Hermit.

CONtemporary with *Robert* of *Glocester*, was one *Richard*, a Religious Hermit, whoſe Manuſcripts were a while ago (and for ought I know, are ſtill) kept in *Exeter*-Library, although *Exeter*-Houſe in the *Strand*, is converted now into an Exchange: This Religious Hermit ſtudied much in converting the Church-Service into *Engliſh* Verſe; of which we ſhall give you an Eſſay in part of the *Te Deum*, and part of the *Magnificat*,

Te Deum.

We heryen ye God, we knowlechen ye Lord:
All ye erye worſhips ye euerlaſting fader:
Alle Aungels in heuens, and alle ye pours in yis world,
Therubin and Seraphin cryen hy voyce to ye unſkyntyng.

Magnificat.

My Soul worſchips the Louerd, and my Goſt
ioyed in God my hele.
For he lokyd ye mekenes of hys hondemayden:
So for iken of yat bliſſefulle ſchall ley mẽ all ge
neracjouns;
For he has don to me grete yingis yat mercy is,
and his nam hely.

He likewiſe tranſlated all the Pſalms of *David*, as alſo the *Collects*, *Epiſtles* and *Goſpels* for the whole year, together with the *Pater Noſter* and *Creed*; though there was then another *Pater Noſter* and *Creed* uſed in the Church, ſent into *England* by *Adrian* the Fourth, Pope of *Rome*, an *Engliſh-man*, the Son of *Robert Breakſpeare* of *Abbots Langley* in *Hertfordſhire*, unto King *Henry* the Second; which (for variety ſake) we ſhall give you as followeth:

Pater Noſter.

URe fader in hevene riche,
Thi nom be halſid everliche,
Thou bring uſ to thi michilbliſſe,
Thi wil to wirche thu uſ wille,
Als hit is in hevene ido
Ever in erth ben hit alſo,
That heli bred yat laſtyth ay,
Thou ſende hious yis ilke day,
Forgif ous al yat we hauith don,
Als we forgiu och oder men,
Ne ler ous falle in no founding,
Ak ſcilde ous fro ye foul thing. Amen.

The

The Creed.

I Beleeue in God fader almigty, shipper of heuen and erth,
And in Jhelus Crist his onle thi son ure Louerd,
That is iuange thurth the hooli Ghost, bore of Mary Maiden,
Tholede pine undyr Pounce Pilate, pitcht on rode tre, dead and yburiid.
Litcht into helle, the thridde day fro death arose,
Steich into hevene, sit on his fader richt hand God Almichty,
Then is cominde to deme the quikke and the dede,
I beleeue in ye hooli Gost,
Alle hooli Chirche,
Mone of alle hallouen forgivenis of sine,
Fleisk upriing,
Lif withuten end. Amen.

When this *Richard* the Hermit died, we cannot find, but conjecture it to be about the middle of the Reign of King *John*, about the year 1208.

JOSEPH of *Exeter.*

Joseph of Exeter was born at the City of *Exeter* in *Devonshire*, he was also sirnamed *Iscanus*, from the River *Isk*, now called *Esk*, which running by that City, gave it formerly the denomination of *Isca*. This *Joseph* (saith my Author) was *a Golden Poet in a Leaden Age*, so terse and elegant were his Conceits and Expressions. In his

younger years he accompanied King *Richard* the First, in his Expedition into the *Holy Land*, by which means he had the better advantage to celebrate, as he did, the Arts of that warlike Prince, in a Poem, entituled *Antiochea*. He also wrote six Books *De Bello Trojano*, in Heroick Verse, which, as the learned *Cambden* well observes, was no other then that Version of *Dares Phrygius* into *Latine* Verse. Yet so well was it excepted, that the *Dutchmen* not long since Printed it under the name of *Cornelius Nepos*, an Author who lived in the time of *Tully*, and wrote many excellent pieces in Poetry, but upon a strict view of all his Works, not any such doth appear amongst them; they therefore do this *Joseph* great wrong in depriving him the honour of his own Works. He was afterwards, for his deserts, preferred to be Arch-bishop of *Burdeaux*, in the time of King *John*, about the year 1210.

MICHAEL BLAUNPAYN.

THis *Michael Blaunpayn*, otherwise firnamed the *Cornish* Poet, or the Rymer, was born in *Cornwall*, and bred in *Oxford* and *Paris*, where he attained to a good proficiency in Learning, being of great fame and ostentation in his time, out of whose Rymes for merry *England*, as *Cambden* calls them, he quotes several passages in that most excellent Book of his *Remains*. It hapned one *Henry* of *Normandy*, chief Poet to our *Henry* the Third, had traduced *Cornwall*, as an inconsiderable Country, cast out by Nature in contempt into a corner

of

of the land. Our *Michael* could not endure this Affront, but, full of Poetical fury, falls upon the Libeller; take a taſt (little thereof will go far) of his ſtrains.

Non opus eſt ut opus numere quibus eſt opulenta,
Et per quas inopes ſuſtentat non opulenta,
Piſcibus & ſtanno nuſquam tam fertilis ora.

We need not number up her wealthy ſtore,
Wherewith this helpful Land relieves her poor,
No Sea ſo full of Fiſh, of Tin, no ſhore.

Then, in a triumphant manner, he concludeth all with this Exhortation to his Countrymen:

Quid nos deterret? ſi firmiter in pede ſtemus,
Fraus ni nos ſuperat, nihil eſt quod non ſuperemus.

What ſhould us fright, if firmly we do ſtand?
Bar fraud, and then no force can us command.

Yet his Pen was not ſo luſhious in praiſing, but, when he liſted, it was as bitter in railing, witneſs this his Satyrical Character of his aforeſaid Antagoniſt.

Eſt tibi gamba capri, crus paſſeris, & latus Apri,
Os leporis, catuli naſus, dens & gena Muli,
Frons vetulæ, tauri caput, & color undique Mauri,
His argumentis quibus eſt argutia Memis,
Quod non a Monſtro differs, ſatis hic tibi monſtro.

Gamb'd like a Goat, Sparrow-thigh'd, sides as a Boar,
Hare-mouth'd, Dog-nos'd, like Mule thy teeth and chin,
Brow'd as old wife, Bull headed, black as a *More*,
If such without, then what are you within?
By these my signs the wise will easily conster,
How little thou does differ from a Monster.

This *Michael* flourished in the time of King *John*, and *Henry* the Third.

MATTHEW PARIS.

Matthew Paris is acknowledged by all to be an *Englishman*, saving only one or two wrangling Writers, who deserve to be arraigned of Felony for robbing our Country of its due; and no doubt *Cambridge-shire* was the County made happy by his birth, where the Name and Family of *Paris* is right ancient, even long before they were setled therein at *Hildersham*, wherein they still flourish, though much impaired for their Loyalty in the late times of Rebellion.

He was bred a Monk of St. *Albans*, living in that loose Age a very strict and severe life, never less idle than when he was alone; spending those hours, reserved from Devotion, in the sweet delights of Poetry, and laborious study of History, in both which he excelled all his Contemporaries: His skill also was excellent in Oratory and Divinity, as also in such manual Arts as lie in the Suburbs of the

the liberal Sciences, Painting, Graving, &c. ſo that we might ſooner reckon up thoſe things wherein he had no skill, as thoſe wherein he was skilled: But his *Genius* chiefly diſpoſed him for the writing of Hiſtories, writing a large Chronicle with great Commendations from the *Norman* Conqueſt to the Year of our Lord 1250. where he concludes with this Diſtich:

Siſte tui metas ſtudij, Matthæe, *quietas*
Nec ventura petas, quæ poſtera proferat ætas.

Matthew, here ceaſe thy Pen in peace, and ſtudy on no more,
Nor do thou rome at things to come, what next Age hath in ſtore.

Yet, notwithſtanding this reſolution, he afterwards reſumed that Work, continuing it to the Year 1259. a Hiſtory impartially and judicially written, neither flattering any for their Greatneſs, nor ſparing others for their Vices, no not ſo much as thoſe of his own Profeſſion; yet though he had ſharp Nails, he had clean Hands, ſtrict in his own, as well as ſtriking at the looſe converſation of others, and for his eminent auſterity, was imployed by Pope *Innocent* the Fourth, not only to viſit the Monks in the Dioceſs of *Norwich*, but alſo was ſent by him into *Norway*, to reform the Diſcipline in *Holui*, a fair Covent therein, but much corrupted.

His Hiſtory was ſet forth with all integrity about a hundred years ago, by his nameſake, *Matthew Parker*, (though ſome aſperſe it with a ſuſpition of forgery) and afterwards in a latter and more

more exact Edition, by the care and industry of Doctor *William Wats*, and is at this present in great esteem amongst learned men.

WILLIAM RAMSEY.

THis *William Ramsey* was born in *Huntingtonshire*, a County famous for the richest *Benedictines* Abbey in *England*; yet here he would not stay, but went to *Crowland*, where he prospered so well, that he became Abbot thereof. *Bale* saith he was a *Natural Poet*, and therefore no wonder if fault be found in the Feet of his Verses; but by his leave, he was also a good Scholar, and Arithmetician enough to make his Verse run in right Numbers.

This *William* wrote the Lives of St. *Guthlake*, St. *Neots*, St. *Edmond* the King, and divers others, all in Verse, which no doubt were very acceptable and praise-worthy in those times; but the greatest wonder of him, and which may seem a wonder indeed, was that being a Poet, he paid the vast Debts of others, even forty thousand Marks for the engagement of his Covent, and all within the compass of eighteen Months, wherein he was Abbot of *Crowland*. This was a vast Sum in that Age, and would render it altogether incredible for a Poet to do, but that we find he had therein the assistance of King *Henry* the Second; who, to expiate the Blood of *Becket*, was contented to be melted into Coyn, and was prodigiously bountiful to many Churches as well as to this. He died about the year 1180.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER NEQUAM.

Alexander Nequam, the learnedeſt *Engliſhman* of his Age, was born at St. *Albans* in *Hartfordſhire*: His Name in *Engliſh* ſignifies *Bad*, which cauſed many, who thought themſelves wondrous witty in making Jeſts, (which indeed made themſelves) to paſs ſeveral Jokes on his Sirname, whereof take this one inſtance: *Nequam* had a mind to become a Monk in St. *Albans*, the Town of his Nativity, and thus Laconically wrote for leave to the Abbot thereof;

Si vis, veniam, ſin autem, tu autem.

To whom the Abbot returned,

Si bonus ſis, venias, ſi nequam, nequaquam.

Whereupon for the future, to avoid the occaſion of ſuch Jokes, he altered his Name from *Nequam*, to *Neckam*.

His admirable knowledge in good Arts, made him famous throughout *England*, *France*, *Italy*, yea and the whole World, and that with incredible admiration, that he was called *Miraculum ingenij*, the Wonder and Miracle of Wit and Sapience. He was an exact Philoſopher, and excellent Divine, an accurate Rhetorician, and an admirable Poet, as did appear by many his Writings which he left to poſterity, ſome of which are mentioned by *Bale*.

That

That he was born at St. *Albans*, appears by a certain paſſage in one of his *Latine* Poems, cited by Mr. *Cambden*, and thus Engliſhed by his Tranſlatour, Doctor *Holland*.

This is the place that knowledge took of my Nativity,
My happy Years, my Days alſo of Mirth and Jollity.
This Place my Childhood trained up in all Arts liberal,
And laid the ground-work of my Name, and skill Poetical.
This Place great and renowned Clerks into the World hath ſent;
For Martyr bleſs'd, for Nation, for Sight, all excellent.
A troop here of Religious Men ſerve Chriſt both night and day,
In Holy Warfare, taking pains duly to watch and pray.

He is thought by ſome, ſaith *Bale*, to have been a Canon Regular, and to have been preferred to the Abbotſhip of *Gloceſter*, as the Continuater of *Robert of Gloceſter* will have it.

And Maſter Aliſander that Chanon was er
Imaked was of Glouceſtre Abbot thulk yer.
Viz. 7 Reg. Regis *Johannis*.

But this may be underſtood of *Alexander Theologus*, who was contempory with him: and was Abbot of St. *Maries* in *Cirenceſter* at the time of his death.

Biſhop

Biſhop *Godwin*, in his Catalogue of the Biſhops of *Lincoln*, maketh mention of a paſſage of wit betwixt him and *Phillip Repington* Biſhop of *Lincoln*, the latter ſending the Challenge.

Et niger & Nequam cum ſis cognomine Nequam,
Nigrior eſſe potes, Nequior eſſe nequis.

Both black and bad, whileſt *Bad* the name to thee,
Blacker thou may'ſt, but worſe thou canſt not be.

To whom *Nequam* rejoyned,

Phi *nota fœtoris*, Lippus *malus omnibus horis*,
Phi *malus*, & Lippus, *totus malus ergo* Philippus.

Stinks are branded with a *Phi*, *Lippus* Latin for blear-eye,
Phi and *Lippus* bad as either, then *Philppus* worſe together.

A Monk of St. *Albans* made this Hexameter alluſively to his Name:

Dictus erat Nequam, *vitam duxit tamen æquam.*

The Elogy he beſtoweth on that moſt Chriſtian Emperor *Conſtantine* the Great, muſt not be forgot:

From *Colcheſter* there roſe a Star,
The Rays whereof gave Glorious Light
Throughout

Throughout the world in Climates far,
Great *Conſtantine*, *Romes* Emperor bright.

He was (ſaith one) Canon of *Exeter*, and (upon what occaſion is not known) came to be buried at *Worceſter*, with this Epitaph,

Eclipſim patitur Sapientia, Sol ſepelitur,
Cui ſi par unus, minus eſſet flebile funus;
Vir bene diſcretus, & in omni more facetus,
Dictus erat Nequam, *vitam duxit tamen æquam.*

Wiſdom's eclips'd, Sky of the Sun bereft;
Yet leſs the loſs if like alive were left;
A man diſcreet, in matters debonair,
Bad Name, black Face, but Carriage good and fair.

Yet others ſay he was buried at St. *Albans* (where he found repulſe when living, but repoſe when dead) with this Epitaph,

Alexander, *cognomento* Nequam, *Abbas* Cirecestriæ, *Literarum ſcientia clarus, obiit Anno Dom.* 1217. *Lit. Dom. C. prid. Cal. Feb. & ſepultus erat apud Fanum S.* Albani, *cujus Animæ propitietur altiſſimus*, Amen.

ALEXANDER ESSEBIE.

THis *Alexander* was born in *Staffordſhire*, ſay ſome; in *Somerſetſhire*, ſay others; for which, each County might ſtrive as being a Jewel worth the owning, being reckoned among the chief

chief of *Engliſh* Poets and Orators of that Age. He in imitation of *Ovid de Faſtis*, put our Chriſtian Feſtivals into Verſe, ſetting a Copy therein to *Baptiſta Mantuan*. Then leaving *Ovid*, he aſpired to *Virgil*, and wrote the Hiſtory of the Bible, (with the Lives of ſome Saints) in an Heroical Poem, which he performed even to admiration; and though he fell ſhort in part of *Virgil*'s lofty ſtyle, yet went he beyond himſelf therein. He afterward became Prior of *Eſſeby-Abbey*, belonging to the *Auguſtines*, and flouriſhed under King *Henry* the Third, *Anno Dom.* 1220.

ROBERT BASTON.

Robert Baſton was born not far from *Nottingham*, and bred a *Carmelite* Frier at *Scarborough* in *Yorkſhire*: He was of ſuch great Fame in Poetry, that King *Edward* the Second, in his *Scotiſh* Expedition pitcht upon him to be the Celebrater of his Heroick Acts; when being taken Priſoner by the *Scots*, he was forced by Torments to change his Note, and repreſent all things to the advantage of *Robert bruce*, who then claimed the Crown of *Scotland*: This Task he undertook full ſore againſt his will, as he thus intimates in the two firſt Lines.

In dreery Verſe my Rymes I make,
Bewailing whileſt ſuch Theme I take.

Beſides his Poem *De Bello Strivilenſi*, there was publiſhed of his writing a Book of Tragedies, with other Poems of various Subjects.

HENRY

HENRY BRADSHAW.

HEnry *Bradſhaw* was born in the City of *Cheſter*, and bred a *Benedictine* Monk in the Monaſtery of St. *Werburg*; the Life of which Saint he wrote in Verſe, as alſo (ſaith my Author) a no bad Chronicle, though following therein thoſe Authors, who think it the greateſt Glory of a Nation to fetch their Original from times out of mind. Take a Taſte of his Poetry in what he wrote concerning the Original of the City of *Cheſter*, in theſe words;

The Founder of this City, as ſaith *Polychronicon*,
Was *Leon Gawer*, a mighty ſtrong Gyant,
Which builded Caves and Dungeons many a one,
No goodly Building, ne proper, ne pleaſant.

But King *Leir*, a *Britain* fine and valiant,
Was Founder of *Cheſter* by pleaſant Building,
And was named *Caer Leir* by the King.

Theſe Lines, conſidering the Age he lived in, (which *Arnoldus Vion* ſaith, was about the Year 1346.) may paſs with ſome praiſe, but others ſay he flouriſhed a Century of years afterwards, *viz.* 1513. which if ſo, they are hardly to be excuſed, Poetry being in that time much refined; but whenſoever he lived, *Bale* ſaith, he was (the Diamond in the Ring) *Pro ea ipſa ætate, admodum pius.*

HAMILLAN.

HAMILLAN.

SHould we forget the learned *Hamillan*, our Book would be thought to be imperfect, ſo terſe and fluent was his Verſe, of which we ſhall give you two Examples, the one out of Mr. *John Speed* his Deſcription of *Devonſhire*, ſpeaking of the arrival of *Brute*.

The God's did guide his Sail and Courſe, the Winds were at command,
And *Totneſs* was the happy ſhore where firſt he came on land.

The other out of Mr. *Weever* his Funeral Monuments in the Pariſh of St. *Aldermanbury* in *London*, ſpeaking of *Cornwal*.

There Gyants whilome dwelt, whoſe Clothes were skins of Beaſts;
Whoſe Drink was Blood; Whoſe Cups, to ſerve for uſe at Feaſts,
Were made of hollow Wood; Whoſe Beds were buſhy Thorns;
And Lodgings rocky Caves, to ſhelter them from Storms;
Their Chambers craggy Rocks; their Hunting found them Meat.
To vanquiſh and to kill, to them was pleaſure great.
Their violence was rule; with rage and fury led,
They ruſht into the fight, and fought hand over head.

Their Bodies were interr'd behind some bush or brake,
To bear such monstrous Wights, the earth did grone and quake.
These pestred most the Western Tract; more fear made thee agast,
O *Cornwall*, utmost door that art to let in *Zephyrus* blast.

JOHN GOWER.

John Gower, whom some make to be a Knight, though *Stow*, in his *Survey of London*, unknighteth him, and saith he was only an Esquire; however, he was born of a knightly Family, at *Stittenham* in the North-Riding in *Bulmore-Wapentake* in *Yorkshire*. He was bred in *London* a Student of the Laws, but having a plentiful Estate, and prizing his pleasure above his profit, he quitted Pleading to follow Poetry, being the first refiner of our *English* Tongue, effecting much, but endeavouring more therein, as you may perceive by the difference of his Language, with that of *Robert of Gloucester*, who lived in the time of King *Richard* the First, which notwithstanding was accounted very good in those days.

This our *Gower* was contemporary with the famous Poet *Geoffry Chaucer*, both excellently learned, both great friends together, and both alike endeavour'd themselves and employed their time for the benefit of their Country. And what an account *Chaucer* had of this our *Gower* and of his Parts, that which he wrote in the end of his Work, entituled

tituled *Troilus* & *Creſſida*, do ſufficiently teſtifie, where he ſaith,

O marvel, *Gower*, this Book I direct
To thee, and to the Philoſophical *Strode*.
To vouchſafe, there need is, to correct
Of your benignitees and zeles good.

Bale makes him *Equitem Auratum & Poetam Laureatum*, proving both from his Ornaments on his Monumental Statue in St. *Mary Overies Southwark*. Yet he appeareth there neither *laureated* nor *hederated* Poet, (except the leaves of the Bays and Ivy be wither'd to nothing, ſince the erection of the Tomb) but only *roſated*, having a Chaplet of four Roſes about his Head, yet was he in great reſpect both with King *Henry* the Fourth, and King *Richard* the Second, at whoſe requeſt he wrote his Book called *Confeſſio Amantis*, as he relateth in his Prologue to the ſame Book, in theſe words,

As it befell upon a tide,
As thing, which ſhould tho betide,
Under the town of New Troie,
Which toke of Brute his firſt joye,
In Themeſe, when it was flowende,
As I by Bote came rowende;
So as fortune hir tyme ſette,
My leige Lord perchance I mette,
And ſo befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my Bote, when he me ſigh,
He bad me come into his Barge,
And when I was with him at large,
Amonges other things ſeyde,
He hath this charge upon me leyde,

And bad me doe my buſineſſe,
That to his high worthineſſe,
Some newe thynge I ſhould boke,
That he hymſelfe it might loke,
After the forme of my writynge,
And this upon his commandynge
Myne herte is well the more glad
To write ſo as he me bad.
And eke my fear is well the laſſe,
That none enuie ſhall compaſſe,
Without a reaſonable wite
To feige and blame that I write,
A gentill hert his tongue ſtilleth,
That it malice none diſtilleth,
But preiſeth that is to be preiſed,
But he that hath his word unpeiſed,
And handleth with ronge any thynge,
I praie unto the heuen kynge,
Froe ſuch tonges he me ſhilde,
And netheleſſe this worlde is wilde,
Of ſuch iangliinge and what befall,
My kings herte ſhall not faſſe,
That I in hope to deſerue
His thonke, ne ſhall his will obſerve,
And els were I nought excuſed.

He was before *Chaucer*, as born and flouriſhing before him, (yea, by ſome accounted his Maſter) yet was he after *Chaucer*, as ſurviving him two years, living to be ſtark blind, and ſo more properly termed our *Engliſh Homer*. His death happened *Anno* 1402. and was buried at St. *Mary Overies in Southwark*, on the North ſide of the ſaid Church, in the Chappel of St. *John*, where he founded a Chauntry, and left Means for a Maſs, (ſuch

(ſuch was the Religion of thoſe times) to be daily ſung for him, as alſo an *Obit* within the ſame Church to be kept on Friday after the Feaſt of St. *Gregory*. He lieth under a Tomb of ſtone, with his Image alſo of ſtone over him, the hair of his head auburn, long to his ſhoulders, but curling up, and a ſmall forked beard; on his head a Chaplet, like a Coronet of four Roſes; an habit of purple, damasked down to his feet, a Collar of Eſſes of Gold about his neck, which being proper to places of Judicature, makes ſome think he was a Judge in his old age. Under his feet the likeneſs of three Books, which he compiled, the firſt named *Speculum Meditantis*, written in *French*: the ſecond, *Vox Clamantis*, penned in *Latine*: the third, *Confeſſio Amantis*, written in *Engliſh*, which was Printed by *Thomas Berthelette*, and by him dedicated to King *Henry* the Eighth, of which I have one by me at this preſent. His *Vox Clamantis* with his *Cronica Tripartita*, and other Works both in *Latine* and *French*, *Stow* ſaith he had in his poſſeſſion, but his *Speculum Meditantis* he never ſaw, but heard thereof to be in *Kent*.

Beſides, on the Wall where he lieth, there was painted three Virgins crowned, one of which was named *Charity*, holding this device,

En toy qui es fitz de Dieu le Pere,
Sauue ſoit, qui giſt ſours ceſt pierre.

The ſecond Writing *Mercy*, with this Decree,

O bone Jeſu fait ta mercy,
Al' ame, dont le corps giſticy.

The third Writing *Pity*, with this device,

Pour ta pite Jesu regarde,
Et met ceſt a me en ſauue garde.

And thereby formerly hung a Table, wherein was written, That whoſo prayed for the Soul of *John Gower*, ſo oft as he did it, ſhould have a M. and D. days of pardon.

His Arms were in a Field Argent, on a Cheveron Azure, three Leopards heads gold, their tongues Gules, two Angels ſupporters, on the Creſt a Talbot.

His Epitaph.

Armigeri Scultum nihil a modo fert ſibi tutum,
Reddidit immolutum morti generale tributum,
Spiritus exutum ſe gaudeat eſſe ſolutum
Eſt ubi virtutum Regnum ſine labe ſtatutum.

All I ſhall add is this, That about fifty years ago there lived at *Caſtle-Hedingham* in *Eſſex*, a School-maſter named *John Gower*, who wrote a witty Poem, called *the Caſtle Combate*, which was received in that Age with great applauſe.

GEOFFRY

GEOFFERY CHAUCER.

THree ſeveral Places contend for the Birth of that famous Poet. 1. *Berkſhire*, from the words of *Leland*, that he was born *in Barocenſi provincia*; and Mr. *Cambden* avoweth that *Dunington-Caſtle* nigh unto *Newbery*, was anciently his Inheritance. 2. *Oxfordſhire*, where *J. Pits* is poſitive that his Father was a Knight, and that he was born at *Woodſtock*. 3. The Author of his Life, ſet forth 1602. proveth him born in *London*, out of theſe his own words in the *Teſtament of Love*.

Alſo in the City of London, that is to me ſo dear and ſweet, in which I was forth grown, and more kindly loue haue I to that place, than any other in yerth, as euery kindely creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly ingendure, and to wilne reſt and peace in that ſtede to abide, thilke peace ſhould thus there haue been broken, which of all wiſe men is commended and deſired.

For his Parentage, although *Bale* writes, he termeth himſelf *Galfridus Chaucer nobili loco natus, & ſummæ ſpei juvenis*; yet in the opinion of ſome Heralds (otherwiſe than his Virtues and Learning commended him) he deſcended not of any great Houſe, which they gather by his Arms: And indeed both in reſpect of the Name, which is *French*, as alſo by other Conjectures, it may be gathered, that his Progenitors were Strangers; but whether they were Merchants (for that in places

where they have dwelled, the Arms of the Merchants of the Staple have been seen in the Glass-windows) or whether they were of other Callings, it is not much necessary to search; but wealthy no doubt they were, and of good account in the Commonwealth, who brought up their Sons in such sort, that both he was thought fit for the Court at home, and to be employed for Matters of State in Foreign Countries.

His Education, as *Leland* writes, was in both the Universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, as appeareth by his own words, in his Book Entituled *The Court of Love:* And in *Oxford* by all likelihood, in *Canterbury* or in *Merton* Colledge, improving his Time in the University, he became a witty Logician, a sweet Rhetorician, a grave Philosopher, a holy Divine, a skilful Mathematician, and a pleasant Poet; of whom, for the Sweetness of his Poetry, may be said that which is reported of *Stesichorus*; and as *Cethegus* was called *Suadæ Medulla*, so may *Chaucer* be rightly called the Pith and Sinews of Eloquence, and the very Life it self of all Mirth and pleasant Writing. Besides, one Gift he had above other Authors, and that is, by the Excellencies of his Descriptions to possess his Readers with a stronger imagination of seeing that done before their eyes which they read, than any other that ever writ in any Tongue. But above all, his Book of *Canterbury-Tales*, is most recommended to Posterity, which he maketh to be spoken by certain Pilgrims who lay at the *Tabard*-Inn in *Southwark*, as he declareth in the beginning of his said Book.

It befell in that season, on a day,
In Southwark, at the Tabert as I lay,
Ready to wend on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury, with full devout courage;
That night was comen into the Hostelrie,
Well nine and twenty in a companie,
Of sundry folke, by aduenture yfall
In fellowship, and Pilgrims were they all,
That toward Canterbury woulden ride;
The Stables and Chambers weren wide,
And well we were eased at the best, &c.

By his Travel also in *France* and *Flanders*, where he spent much time in his young years, but more in the latter end of the Reign of King *Richard* the Second; he attained to a great perfection in all kind of Learning, as *Bale* and *Leland* report of him: *Circa postremos* Richardi *Secundi annos*, Galliis *floruit, magnamque illic ex assidua in Literis exercitatione gloriam sibi comparavit. Domum reversus Forum* Londinense, *& Collegia* Leguleiorum, *qui ibidem Patria Jura interpretantur frequentavit*, &c. About the latter end of King *Richard* the Second's Days, he flourished in *France*, and got himself into high esteem there by his diligent exercise in Learning: After his return home, he frequented the Court at *London*, and the Colledges of the *Lawyers*, which there interpreted the Laws of the Land. Amongst whom was *John Gower*, his great familiar Friend, whose Life we wrote before. This *Gower*, in his Book entituled *Confessio Amantis*, termeth *Chaucer* a worthy Poet, and maketh him as it were the Judge of his Works.

This our *Chaucer* had always an earnest desire to enrich and beautifie our *English* Tongue, which in

in thoſe days was very rude and barren; and this he did, following the example of *Dantes* and *Petrarch*, who had done the ſame for the *Italian* Tongue, *Alanus* for the *French*, and *Johannes Mea* for the *Spaniſh*: Neither was *Chaucer* inferior to any of them in the performance hereof; and *England* in this reſpect is much beholding to him; as *Leland* well noteth:

Anglia Chaucerum *veneratur noſtra Poetam*;
Cui veneris debet Patria Lingua ſuas.

Our *England* honoureth *Chaucer* Poet, as principal;
To whom her Country-Tongue doth owe her Beauties all.

He departed out of this world the 25*th*. day of *October*, 1400, after he had lived about ſeventy two years. Thus writeth *Bale* out of *Leland*, *Chaucerus ad Canos devenit, ſenſitque Senectutem morbum eſſe*; *& dum Cauſas ſuas* Londini *curaret*, &c. *Chaucer* lived till he was an old man, and found old Age to be grievous; and whilſt he followed his Cauſes at *London*, he died, and was buried at *Weſtminſter*.

The old Verſes which were written on his Grave at the firſt, were theſe;

Galfridus Chaucer, *Vates & Fama Poeſis*,
Materna hæc ſacra ſum tumulatus humo.

Thomas Occleue, or *Okelefe*, of the Office of the Privy Seal, ſometime *Chaucer*'s Scholar, for the love

love he bore to the ſaid *Geoffrey* his Maſter, cauſed his Picture to be truly drawn in his Book, *De Regimine Principis*, dedicated to *Henry* the Fifth; according to which, that his Picture drawn upon his Monument was made, as alſo the Monument it ſelf, at the Coſt and Charges of *Nicolas Brigham* Gentleman, *Anno* 1555. who buried his Daughter *Rachel*, a Child of four years of Age, near to the Tomb of this old Poet, the 21*th*. of *June* 1557. Such was his Love to the Muſes; and on his Tomb theſe Verſes were inſcribed:

Qui fuit Anglorum *Vates ter maximus olim*,
Galfridus Chaucer, *conditur hoc Tumulo*,
Annum ſi quæras Domini, ſi tempora Mortis,
Ecce notæ ſubſunt, quæ tibi cuncta notant;
25 Octobris 1400.
Ærumnarum requies Mors.
N. Brigham *hos fecit Muſarum nomine ſumptus.*

About the Ledge of the Tomb theſe Verſes were written;

Si rogitas quis eram, forſan te Fama docebit,
Quod ſi Fama negat, Mundi quia Gloria tranſit,
Hæc Monumenta lege.

The foreſaid *Thomas Occleve*, under the Picture of *Chaucer*, had theſe Verſes:

Although his Life be queint, the reſemblance
Of him that hath in me ſo freſh livelineſs,
That to put other men in remembrance
Of his Perſon I have here the likeneſs
Do make, to the end in Soothfaſtneſs,

That

That they that of him have loſt thought and mind,
By this peniture may again him find.

In his foreſaid Book, *De Regimine Principis*, he thus writes of him:

But welaway is mine heart wo,
That the honour of *Engliſh* Tongue is dead;
Of which I wont was counſaile haue and reed:
O Maſter dere, and Fadre reuerent:
My Maſter *Chaucer* Floure of Eloquence,
Mirror of fructuous entendement:
O vniuerſal fadre of Science:
Alas that thou thine excellent Prudence
In thy Bed mortal mighteſt not bequeath.
What eyl'd Death, alas why would ſhe the ſle?
O Death, thou didſt not harm ſingler in ſlaughter of him,
But all the Land it ſmerteth;
But natheleſs yet haſt thou no power his name flee,
But his vertue aſterteth
Unſlain fro thee; which ay us lifely herteth,
With Books of his ornat enditing,
That is to all this Land enlumining.

In another place of his ſaid Book, he writes thus;

Alas my worthy Maiſter honourable,
This Land's very Treaſure and Richeſs!
Death by thy Death hath harm irreparable
Unto us done: her vengeable dureſs
Diſpoiled hath this Land of the ſweetneſs
Of Rhetorige; for unto *Tullius*
Was never man ſo like among us: Alſo

Alſo who was here in Philoſophy
To *Ariſtotle*, in our Tongue, but thee?
The Steps of *Virgil* in Poeſie,
Thou ſuedſt eken men know well enough,
What combre world that thee my Maſter ſlough
Would I ſlaine were.

John Lidgate likewiſe in his Prologue of *Bocchas*, of the *Fall of Princes*, by him tranſlated, ſaith thus in his Commendation:

My Maſter *Chaucer*, with his freſh Comedies,
Is dead alas, chief Poet of *Brittaine*,
That whilom made full pitous Tradgedies,
The faule of Princes he did complaine,
As he that was of making Soveraine;
Whom all this Land ſhould of right preferre
Sith of our Language he was the load-ſterre.

Alſo in his Book which he writeth of the Birth of the Virgin *Mary*, he hath theſe Verſes.

And eke my Maſter *Chaucer* now is in graye,
The noble Rhetore, Poet of *Britaine*,
That worthy was the Laurel to have
Of Poetry, and the Palm attaine,
That made firſt to diſtill and raine
The Gold dew drops of Speech and Eloquence,
Into our Tongue through his Eloquence.

That excellent and learned *Scottiſh* Poet *Gawyne Dowglas*, Biſhop of *Dunkold*, in the Preface of *Virgil*'s *Eneados*, turned into *Scottiſh* Verſe, doth thus ſpeak of *Chaucer*;

Venerable

Venerable *Chaucer*, principal Poet without pere,
Heavenly Trumpet, orloge, and regulere,
In Eloquence, Baulme, Conduct, and Dyal,
Milkie Fountaine, Cleare Strand, and Roſe Ryal,
Of freſh endite through *Albion* Iſland brayed
In his Legend of Noble Ladies ſayed.

And as for men of latter time, Mr. *Aſcham* and Mr. *Spenſer* have delivered moſt worthy Teſtimonies of their approving of him. Mr. *Aſcham*, in one place calleth him *Engliſh Homer*, and makes no doubt to ſay, that he valueth his Authority of as high eſtimation as he did either *Sophocles* or *Euripides* in *Greek*. And in another place, where he declareth his Opinion of *Engliſh* Verſifying, he uſeth theſe Words; Chaucer *and* Petrark *thoſe two worthy Wits, deſerve juſt praiſe*. And laſt of all, in his Diſcourſe of *Germany*, he putteth him nothing behind either *Thucydides* or *Homer*, for his lively Deſcriptions of Site of Places, and Nature of Perſons, both in outward Shape of Body, and inward Diſpoſition of Mind; adding this withal, That not the proudeſt that hath written in any Tongue whatſoever, for his time hath outſtript him.

Mr. *Spenſer* in his firſt Eglogue of his *Shepherds Kalendar*, calleth him *Tityrus*, the God of Shepherds, comparing him to the worthineſs of the *Roman Tityrus*, *Virgil*. In his *Fairy Queen*, in his Diſcourſe of Friendſhip, as thinking himſelf moſt worthy to be *Chaucer*'s friend, for his like natural diſpoſition that *Chaucer* had; he writes, That none that lived with him, nor none that came after him,

him, durſt preſume to revive *Chaucer*'s loſt labours in that imperfect Tale of the Squire, but only himſelf: which he had not done, had he not felt (as he ſaith) the infuſion of *Chaucer*'s own ſweet Spirit ſurviving within him. And a little before, he calls him the moſt Renowned and Heroical Poet, and his Writings the Works of Heavenly Wit; concluding his commendation in this manner:

Dan Chaucer well of *Engliſh* undefiled,
On Fames eternal Bead-roll worthy to be filed;
I follow here the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning ſo I may the rather meet.

Mr. *Cambden*, reaching one hand to Mr. *Aſcham*, and the other to Mr. *Spenſer*, and ſo drawing them together, uttereth of him theſe words, *De* Homero *noſtro* Anglico *illud vere aſſeram, quod de* Homero *eruditus ille* Italus *dixit.*

——*Hic ille eſt, cujus de gurgite ſacro,*
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores.

The deſervingly honoured Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his *Defence of Poeſie*, thus writeth of him, Chaucer *undoubtedly did excellently in his* Troylus *and* Creſcid, *of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that miſty time could ſee ſo clearly, or we in this clear age walk ſo ſtumblingly after him.* And Doctor *Heylin*, in his elaborate Deſcription of the World, ranketh him in the firſt place of our chiefeſt Poets. Seeing therefore

fore that both old and new Writers have carried this reverend conceit of him, and openly declared the ſame by writing, let us conclude with *Horace* in the eighth Ode of his fourth Book;

Dignum Laudi cauſa vetat mori.

The Works of this famous Poet, were partly publiſhed in Print by *William Caxton*, Mercer, that firſt brought the incomparable Art of Printing into *England*, which was in the Reign of King *Henry* the Sixth. Afterward encreaſed by *William Thinne*, Eſq; in the time of King *Henry* the Eighth. Afterwards, in the year 1561. in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, Corrected and Encreaſed by *John Stow*; And a fourth time, with many Amendments, and an Explanation of the old and obſcure Words, by Mr. *Thomas Speight*, in *Anno* 1597. Yet is he ſaid to have written many conſiderable Poems, which are not in his publiſh'd Works, beſides the *Squires Tale*, which is ſaid to be compleat in *Arundel-houſe* Library.

JOHN

JOHN LYDGATE.

John Lydgate was born in a Village of the ſame name, not far off St. *Edmondſbury*, a Village (ſaith *Cambden*) though ſmall, yet in this reſpect not to be paſſed over in ſilence, becauſe it brought into the World *John Lydgate* the Monk, whoſe Wit may ſeem to have been framed and faſhioned by the very Muſes themſelves: ſo brightly reſhine in his *Engliſh* Verſes, all the pleaſant graces and elegancy of Speech, according to that Age. After ſome time ſpent in our *Engliſh* Univerſities, he travelled through *France* and *Italy*, improving his time to his great accompliſhment, in learning the Languages and Arts; *Erat autem non ſolum elegans Poeta, & Rhetor diſertus, verum etiam Mathematicus expertus, Philoſophus acutus, & Theologus non contemnendus:* he was not only an elegant Poet, and an eloquent Rhetorician, but alſo an expert Mathematician, an acute Philoſopher, and no mean Divine, ſaith *Pitſeus*. After his return, he became Tutor to many Noblemens Sons, and both in Proſe and Poetry was the beſt Author of his Age, for if *Chaucer*'s Coin were of greater Weight for deeper Learning, *Lydgate*'s was of a more refined Stantard for purer Language; ſo that one might miſtake him for a modern Writer. But becauſe none can ſo well deſcribe him as himſelf, take an Eſſay of his Verſes, out of his *Life and Death of* Hector, *pag.* 316 and 317.

I am a Monk by my profeſſion,
In *Berry*, call'd *John Lydgate* by my name,
And wear a habit of perfection;
(Although my life agree not with the ſame)
That meddle ſhould with things ſpiritual,
As I muſt needs confeſs unto you all.

But ſeeing that I did herein proceed
† At his command, whom I could not refuſe, † *Hen.* 5.
I humbly do beſeech all thoſe that read,
Or leiſure have, this ſtory to peruſe,
If any fault therein they find to be,
Or error, that committed is by me;

That they will of their gentleneſs take pain,
The rather to correct and mend the ſame,
Than raſhly to condemn it with diſdain,
For well I wot it is not without blame,
Becauſe I know the Verſe therein is wrong,
As being ſome too ſhort and ſome too long.

For *Chaucer*, that my Maſter was, and knew
What did belong to writing Verſe and Proſe,
Ne're ſtumbled at ſmall faults, nor yet did view
With ſcornful eye the Works and Books of thoſe
That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt
At any man, to fear him or to daunt.

Now if you would know further of him, hear him in his Prologue to the Story of *Thebes*, a Tale (as his Fiction is) which (or ſome other) he was conſtrained to tell, at the command of mine Hoſt

Hoſt of the *Tabard* in *Southwark*, whom he found in *Canterbury*, with the reſt of the Pilgrims which went to viſit Saint *Thomas* ſhrine.

This Story was firſt written in *Latine* by *Geoffry Chaucer*, and tranſlated by *Lydgate* into *Engliſh* Verſe; but of the Prologue of his own making, ſo much as concerns himſelf, thus:

——— While that the Pilgrims lay
At *Canterbury*, well lodged one and all,
I not in ſooth what I may it call,
Hap or fortune, in concluſioun,
That me befell to enter into the Toun,
The holy Sainte plainly to viſite,
After my ſickneſſe, vows to acquite.
In a Cope of blacke, and not of greene,
On a Palfrey ſlender, long, and lene,
With ruſty Bridle, made not for the ſale,
My man to forne with a voyd Male,
That by Fortune tooke my Inne anone
Where the Pilgrimes were lodged everichone.
The ſame time her governour the hoſt
Stonding in Hall, full of wind and boſt,
Liche to a man wonder ſterne and fers,
Which ſpake to me, and ſaid anon Dan *Pers*,
Dan *Dominick*, Dan *Godfray*, or *Clement*,
Ye be welcome newly into *Kent*:
Thogh your bridle have nother boos ne bell;
Beſeeching you, that ye will tell
Firſt of your name, and what cuntre
Without more ſhortly that ye be,
That looke ſo pale, all devoid of bloud,
Upon your head a wonder thred-bare Hood,
Well arrayed for to ride late:

I anſwered my Name was *Lydgate*,
Monke of *Bury*, me fifty yeare of age,
Come to this Town to do my Pilgrimage
As I have hight, I have thereof no ſhame:
Dan *John* (quoth he) well brouke ye your name,
Thogh ye be ſole, beeth right glad and light,
Praying you to ſoupe with us this night;
And ye ſhall have made at your devis,
A great Puddding, or a round hagis,
A *Franche* Moile, a Tanſe, or a Froiſe,
To been a Monk ſlender is your † coiſe, † Counte-
Ye have been ſick I dare mine head aſſure, nance.
Or let feed in a faint paſture.
Lift up your head, be glad, take no ſorrow,
And ye ſhould ride home with us to morrow,
I ſay, when ye reſted have your fill.
After ſupper, ſleep will doen none ill,
Wrap well your head, clothes round about,
Strong nottie Ale will make a man to rout;
Take a Pillow, that ye lye not low;
If nede be, ſpare not to blow;
To hold wind, by mine opinion,
Will engender colles paſſion,
And make men to greven on her † rops, † Guts.
When they have filled her maws and her crops;
But toward night, eate ſome Fennell rede,
Annis, Commin, or Coriander-ſeed,
And like as I have power and might,
I charge you riſe not at midnight,
Thogh it be ſo the Moon ſhine clere,
I will my ſelfbe your † Orlogere, † Clock.
To morrow early, when I ſee my time,
For we will forth parcel afore prime,
Accompanie † parde ſhall do you good. † Verily.

But

But I have digreſſed too far: To return therefore unto *Lydgate*. *Scripſit partim Anglice, partim Latine; partim Proſa, partim Verſu Libros numero plures, eruditione politiſſimos.* He writ (ſaith my Author) partly *Engliſh*, partly *Latine*; partly in Proſe, and partly in Verſe, many exquiſite learned Books, ſaith *Pitſeus*, which are mentioned by him and *Bale*, as alſo in the latter end of *Chaucer*'s Works; he laſt Edition, amongſt which are *Eglogues*, *Odes*, *Satyrs*, and other Poems. He flouriſhed in the Reign of *Henry* the Sixth, and departed this world (aged about 60 years) *circiter* An. 1440. and was buried in his own Convent at *Bury*, with this Epitaph,

Mortuus ſæclo, ſuperis Superſtes,
Hic jacet Lydgate *tumulatus Urna:*
Qui fuit quondam celebris Britannæ
Fama Poeſis.

Dead in this World, living above the Sky,
Intomb'd within this Urn doth *Lydgate* lie;
In former time fam'd for his Poetry,
All over *England*.

JOHN HARDING.

JOhn *Harding*, our Famous *Engliſh* Chronologer, was born (ſaith *Bale*) in the Northern parts, and moſt likely in *Yorkſhire*, being an Eſquire of an eminent Parentage. He was a man equally addicted to Arms and Arts, ſpending his Youth in the one, and his Age in the other: His firſt Mili-

tary Employment was under *Robert Umfreuil*, Governor of *Roxborough*-Caſtle, where he did good Service againſt the *Scots*. Afterwards he followed the Standard of King *Edward* the Fourth, to whom he valiantly and faithfully adhered, not only in the Sun-ſhine of his Proſperity, but alſo in his deepeſt Diſtreſs.

But what endeared him the moſt to his Favour, and was indeed the Maſterpiece of his Service, was his adventuring into *Scotland*; a deſperate Attempt, and performed not without the manifeſt hazarding of his Life; where he ſo cunningly demeaned himſelf, and inſinuated himſelf ſo far into their Favour, as he got a ſight of their Records and Original Letters; a Copy of which he brought with him to *England*, and preſented the ſame to King *Edward* the Fourth: Out of theſe he collected a Hiſtory of the ſeveral Submiſſions, and ſacred Oaths of Fealty openly taken from the time of King *Athelſtane*, by the Kings of *Scotland*, to the Kings of *England*, for the Crown of *Scotland*; a Work which was afterwards made much uſe of by the *Engliſh*; although the *Scotch* Hiſtorians ſtickle with might and main, that ſuch Homage was performed only for the County of *Cumberland*, and ſome parcel of Land their Kings had in *England* South of *Tweed*.

Now as his Proſe was very uſeful, ſo was his Poetry as much delightful; writing a Chronicle of our *Engliſh* Kings from *Brute* to King *Edward* the Fourth, and that in *Engliſh* Verſe; for which he was accounted one of the chiefeſt Poets of his time; being ſo exactly done, that by it Dr. *Fuller* adjudges him to have drunk as deep a draught of *Helicon*, as any in his Age: And another ſaying, that

that by the ſame he deſervedly claimed a Seat amongſt the chiefeſt of the Poetical Writers.

But to give you the better view of his Poetical Abilities, I ſhall preſent you with ſome of his Chronicle-Verſe, concerning the ſumptuous Houſhold kept by King *Richard* the Second, *cap.* 193.

Truly I herd Robert Ireleſſe ſay,
Clarke of the Green-cloth, and that to the Houſhold
Came euery daye, forth moſt part alway
Ten thouſand folke, by his Welles told,
That followed the hous aye as thei wold.
And in the Kechin, three hundred Seruitours,
And in eche Office many Occupiours.

And Ladies faire, with their Gentlewomen,
Chamberers alſo and Lauenders,
Three hundred of theim were occupied then;
There was great pride emong the Officers,
And of all men far paſſing their compeers,
Of rich arraye, and much more coſtous,
Then was before, or ſith, and more precious, &c.

This our Poet *Harding* was living *Anno* 1461. being then very aged; and is judged to have ſurvived not long after.

ROBERT FABIAN.

Robert Fabian was born and bred in *London*, as witneſſeth *Bale* and *Pits*; becoming one of the Rulers thereof, being choſen Sheriff, *Anno* 1493. He ſpent his time which he had ſpare from publick Employments, for the benefit of poſterity; writing two large Chronicles: the one from *Brute* to the Death of King *Henry* the Second; the other, from the Firſt of King *Richard*, to the Death of *Henry* the Seventh. He was (ſaith my Author) of a merry diſpoſition, and uſed to entertain his Gueſts as well with good Diſcourſe as good Victuals: He bent his Mind much to the Study of Poetry; which according to thoſe times, paſſed for currant. Take a touch of his Abilities in the Prologue to the ſecond Volume of his Chronicle of *England* and *France*.

Now would I fayne,
In words playne,
Some Honour ſayne,
And bring to mynde;
Of that auncient Cytye,
That ſo goodly is to ſe,
And full true ever hath be,
And alſo full kynde,
To Prince and Kynge
That hath borne juſt rulynge,
Syn the firſt winnynge
Of this Iland by *Brute*.
So that in great honour
By paſſynge of many a ſhowre,
It hath euer borne the flowre;
And laudable *Brute*, &c.

Theſe

Theſe Verſes were made for the Honour of *London*; which he calleth *Ryme Dogerel*, and at the latter end thereof, excuſeth himſelf to the Reader in theſe words:

Who ſo him lyketh theſe Verſys to rede,
With favour I pray he will theym ſpell;
Let not the rudenes of theym hym lede
For to diſpraue thys Ryme Dogerell:
Some part of the honour it doth you tell
Of this old Cytye *Troynouant*;
But not thereof the halfe dell;
Connyng in the Maker is ſo adaunt:
But though he had the Eloquence
Of *Tully*, and the Moralytye
Of *Seneck*, and the Influence
Of the ſwyte ſugred *Armony*,
Or that faire Ladye *Caliope*,
Yet had he not connyng perfyght,
This Citye to prayſe in eche degre
As that ſhulde duely aske by ryght.

Sir *John Suckling*, a prime Wit of his Age, in the Conteſt betwixt the Poets for the Lawrel, maketh *Apollo* to adjudge it to an Alderman of *London*; in theſe words;

He openly declar'd it was the beſt ſign
Of good ſtore of Wit, to have good ſtore of Coyne,
And without a ſyllable more or leſs ſaid,
He put the Lawrel on the Alderman's Head.

But

But had the Scene of this Competition been laid a hundred and fifty years ago, and the ſame remitted to the Umpirage of *Apollo*, in ſober ſadneſs he would have given the Lawrel to this our Alderman.

He died at *London*, Anno 1511. and was buried at St. *Michael*'s Church in *Cornhil*, with this Epitaph;

Like as the Day his Courſe doth conſume,
And the new Morrow ſpringeth again as faſt;
So Man and Woman by Natures cuſtom
This Life do paſs; at laſt in Earth are caſt,
In Joy and Sorrow, which here their Time do waſt,
Never in one ſtate, but in courſe tranſitory,
So full of change is of the World the Glory.

Dr. *Fuller* obſerveth, That none hath worſe Poetry than Poets on their Monuments; certainly there is no Rule without Exceptions; he himſelf inſtancing to the contrary in his *England's Worthies*, by Mr. *Drayton*'s Epitaph, and ſeveral others.

JOHN SKELTON.

John Skelton, the Poet Laureat in his Age, tho' now accounted only a Rhymer, is ſuppoſed to have been born in *Norfolke*, there being an ancient Family of that Name therein; and to make it the more probable, he himſelf was Beneficed therein at *Dis* in that County. That he was

was Learned, we need go no further than to *Erasmus* for a Testimony; who, in his Letter to King *Henry* the Eighth, stileth him, *Britanicarum Literarum Lumen & Decus.* Indeed he had Scholarship enough, and Wit too much: *Ejus Sermo* (saith *Pitz.*) *salsus in mordacem, risus in opprobrium, jocus in amaritudinem.* Whoso reads him, will find he hath a miserable, loose, rambling Style, and galloping measure of Verse: yet were good Poets so scarce in his Age, that he had the good fortune to be chosen Poet Laureat, as he stiles himself in his Works, *The King's Orator, and Poet Laureat.*

His chief Works, as many as can be collected, and that out of an old Printed Book, are these; *Philip Sparrow, Speak Parrot, The Death of King* Edward *the Fourth, A Treatise of the* Scots, *Ware the Hawk, The Tunning of* Elianer Rumpkin: In many of which, following the humor of the ancientest of our Modern Poets, he takes a Poetical Liberty of being Satyrical upon the Clergy, as brought him under the Lash of Cardinal *Woolsey*, who so persecuted him, that he was forced to take Sanctuary at *Westminster*, where Abbot *Islip* used him with much respect. In this Restraint he died, *June* 21, 1529. and was buried in St. *Margaret*'s Chappel, with this Epitaph;

J. Sceltanus Vates Pierius hic situs est.

We must not forget, how being charg'd by some on his Death-bed for begetting many Children on a Concubine which he kept, he protested, that in his Conscience he kept her in the notion of a Wife, though such his cowardliness, that he would rather confess Adultery, than own Marriage, the most punishable at that time. *WIL-*

WILLIAM LILLIE.

TO this *John Scelton*, we ſhall next preſent you with the Life of his Contemporary and great Antagoniſt *William Lillie*, born at *Odiham*, a great Market-Town in *Hantſhire*; who to bete his knowledge, in his youth travelled to the City of *Jeruſalem*, where having ſatisfied his curioſity in beholding thoſe ſacred places whereon our Saviour trode when he was upon the Earth; he returned homewards, making ſome ſtay at *Rhodes*, to ſtudy *Greek*. Hence he went to *Rome*, where he heard *John Sulpitius* and *Pomponius Sabinus*, great Maſters of *Latine* in thoſe days. At his return home, Doctor *John Collet* had new builded a fair School at the Eaſt-end of St. *Paul*'s, for 153 poor mens Children, to be taught free in the ſame School; for which he appointed a Maſter, an Uſher, and a Chaplain, with large Stipends for ever; committing the overſight thereof to the Maſters, Wardens and Aſſiſtants of the *Mercers* in *London*, becauſe he was Son to *Henry Collet* Mercer, ſometime Major; leaving for the Maintenance thereof, Lands to the yearly value of 120 *l.* or better; making this *William Lilly* firſt Maſter thereof; which Place he commendably diſcharg'd for 15 years. During which time he made his *Latine* Grammar, the Oracle of Free Schools of *England*, and other Grammatical Works. He is ſaid alſo by *Bale*, to have written Epigrams, and other Poetry of various Subjects in various *Latine* Verſe, though ſcarce any of them (unleſs it be his *Grammar*)

Grammar) now extant, only Mr. *Stow* makes mention of an Epitaph made by him, and graven on a fair Tomb, in the midſt of the Chancel of St. *Paul*'s in *London*, containing theſe Words;

Inclyta Joannes Londini *Gloria gentis,*
Is tibi qui quondam Paule *Decanus erat,*
Qui toties magno reſonabat pectore Chriſtum,
Doctor & Interpres ſidus Evangelij:
Qui mores hominum multum ſermone diſertæ
Formavat, vitæ ſed probitate magis:
Quique Scholam ſtruxit celebrem cognomine Jeſu,
Hac dormit tectus membra Coletus *humo.*

Floruit ſub Henrico 7. & Henrico 8.
Reg. Obiit An. Dom. 1519.

Diſce mori Mundo, vivere diſce Deo.

John Skelton (whom we mentioned before) whoſe Writings were for the moſt part Satyrical, mixing ſtore of Gall and Copperas in his Ink, having fell foul upon Mr. *Lilly* in ſome of his Verſes, *Lilly* return'd him this biting Anſwer;

Quid me Sceltone *fronte ſic aperta*
Carpis, vipereo potens veneno?
Quid Verſus trutina meos iniqua
Libras? Dicere vera num licebit?
Doctrinæ, tibi dum parare famam,
Et doctus fieri ſtudes Poeta,
Doctrinam ne habes, nec es Poeta.

With Face ſo bold, and Teeth ſo ſharp,
Of Viper's venom, why doſt carp?

Why

Why are my Verſes by thee weigh'd
In a falſe Scale? May Truth be ſaid;
Whilſt thou to get the more eſteem,
A Learned Poet fain wouldſt ſeem,
Skelton, thou art, let all men know it,
Neither Learned, nor a Poet.

He died of the Plague, *Anno* 1522. and was buried in St. *Paul's*, with this Epitaph on a Braſs Plate, fixed in the Wall by the great North-Door:

Gulielmo Lilio, *Pauliæ Scholæ olim Præceptori primario*, & Agnetæ *Conjugi*, *in ſacratiſſimo hujus Templi Cœmiterio hinc a tergo nunc deſtructo conſepultis*: Georgius Lilius, *hujus Eccleſiæ Canonicus*, *Parentum Memoriæ pie conſulens*, *Tabellam hanc ab amicis conſervatam*, *hic reponendam curavit*.

Sir *THOMAS MORE*.

SIR *Thomas More*, a great Credit and Ornament in his Time, of the *Engliſh* Nation, and with whom the Learned'ſt Foreigners of that Age, were proud to have correſpondence, for his wit and extellent parts, was born in *Milk-ſtreet*, London, *Anno Dom.* 1480. Son to Sir *John More*, Knight, and one of the Juſtices of the *Kings Bench*.

He was bred firſt in the Family of Archbiſhop *Morton*, then in *Canterbury*-Colledge in *Oxford*; afterwards removed to an Inn of *Chancery* in *London*, called *New-Inn*, and from thence to *Lincolns-Inn*; where he became a double Reader. Next, his Worth preferred him to be Judge in the She-

riff

riff of *London*'s Court, though at the ſame time a Pleader in others; and ſo upright was he therein, that he never undertook any Cauſe but what appeared juſt to his Conſcience, nor never took Fee of Widow, Orphan, or poor Perſon.

King *Henry* the Eighth coming to the Crown, firſt Knighted him, then made him Chancellor of the Duchy of *Lancaſter*, and not long after L. Chancellor of *England*; in which place he demeaned himſelf with great integrity, and with no leſs expedition; ſo that it is ſaid, at one time he had cleared all Suits depending on that Court: whereupon, one thus verſified on him,

When *More* ſome years had Chancellor been,
No more Suits did remain;
The ſame ſhall never more be ſeen,
Till *More* be there again.

He was of ſuch excellency of Wit and Wiſdom, that he was able to make his Fortune good in whatſoever he undertook: and to this purpoſe it is reported of him, that when he was ſent Ambaſſador by his Maſter *Henry* the Eighth into *Germany*, before he deliver'd his Embaſſage to the Emperor, he bid one of his Servants to fill him a Beer-glaſs of Wine, which he drunk off twice; commanding his Servant to bring him a third; he knowing Sir *Thomas More*'s Temperance, that he was not uſed to drink, at firſt refuſed to fill him another; telling Sir *Thomas* of the weight of his Employment: but he commanding it, and his Servant not daring to deny him, he drank off the third, and then made his immediate addreſs to the Emperor, and ſpake his Oration in *Latine*, to the admiration of

of all the Auditors. Afterwards Sir *Thomas* merrily asking his Man what he thought of his Speech? he ſaid, that he deſerved to govern three parts of the World, and he believed if he had drunk the other Glaſs, the Elegancy of his Language might have purchaſed the other part of the World.

Being once at *Bruges* in *Flanders*, an arrogant Fellow had ſet up a *Theſis*, that he would anſwer any Queſtion could be propounded unto him in what Art ſoever. Of whom, when Sir *Thomas More* heard, he laughed, and made this Queſtion to be put up for him to anſwer; Whether *Averia capta in Withernamia ſunt irreplegibilia?* Adding, That there was an *Engliſhman* that would diſpute thereof with him. This bragging *Thraſo*, not ſo much as underſtanding the Terms of our Common Law, knew not what to anſwer to it, and ſo became ridiculous to the whole City for his preſumptuous bragging.

Many were the Books which he wrote; amongſt whom his *Utopia* beareth the Bell; which though not written in Verſe, yet in regard of the great Fancy and Invention thereof, may well paſs for a Poem, it being the *Idea* of a compleat Commonwealth in an Imaginary Iſland (but pretended to be lately diſcovered in *America*) and that ſo lively counterfeited, that many at the reading thereof, miſtook it for a real Truth: inſomuch that many great Learned men, as *Budeus*, and *Johannes Paludanus*, upon a fervent zeal, wiſhed that ſome excellent Divines might be ſent thither to preach Chriſt's Goſpel: yea, there were here amongſt us at home, ſundry good Men, and learned Divines, very deſirous to undertake the Voyage, to bring the People to the Faith of Chriſt, whoſe Manners they did ſo well like. Mr. *Owen*,

Mr. *Owen*, the *Britiſh* Epigrammatiſt, on this Book of *Utopia*, writeth thus;

More's *Utopia* and *Mercurius Britanicus*.

More ſhew'd the beſt, the worſt World's ſhew'd by the:
Thou ſhew'ſt what is, and he ſhews what ſhould be.

But at laſt he fell into the King's diſpleaſure, touching the Divorce of Queen *Katherine*, and for refuſing to take the Oath of Supremacy; for which he was committed to the Tower, and afterwards beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, July 6, 1635. and buried at *Chelſey* under a plain Monument.

Thoſe who deſire to be further informed of this Learned Knight, let them read my Book of *England's Worthies*, where his Life is ſet forth more at large.

HENRY HOWARD Earl of *Surrey*.

THis Honourable Earl was Son to *Thomas Howard* Duke of *Norfolk*, and *Frances* his Wife, the Daughter of *John Vere* Earl of *Oxford*. He was (ſaith *Cambden*) the firſt of our *Engliſh* Nobility that did illuſtrate his high Birth with the Beauty of Learning, and his Learning with the knowledge of divers Languages, which he attained unto by his Travels into foreign Nations; ſo that he deſervedly had the particular Fame of Learning, Wit and Poetical Fancy.

Our famous Poet *Drayton*, in his *England's Heroical Epistles*, writing of this Noble Earl, thus says of him;

The Earl of *Surrey*, that renowned Lord,
Th'old *English* Glory bravely that restor'd,
That Prince and Poet (a Name more divine)
Falling in Love with Beauteous *Geraldine*,
Of the *Geraldi*, which derive their Name
From *Florence*; whether to advance her Fame,
He travels, and in publick Justs maintain'd
Her Beauty peerless, which by Arms he gain'd.

In his way to *Florence*, he touch'd at the Emperor's Court; where he fell in acquaintance with the great Learned *Cornelius Agrippa*, so famous for Magick, who shewed him the Image of his *Geraldine* in a Glass, sick, weeping on her Bed, and resolved all into devout Religion for the absence of her Lord; upon sight of which, he made this Sonnet.

All Soul, no earthly Flesh, why dost thou fade?
All Gold, no earthly Dross, why look'st thou pale?
Sickness, how dar'st thou one so fair invade?
Too base Infirmity to work her Bale.
Heaven be distempered since she grieved pines,
Never be dry these my sad plantive Lines.

Pearch thou my Spirit on her Silver Breasts,
And with their pains redoubled Musick beatings,
Let them tois thee to world where all toil rests,
Where Bliss is subject to no Fear's defeatings;

Her

Her Praiſe I tune whoſe Tongue doth tune the Sphears,
And gets new Muſes in her Hearers Ears.

Stars fall to fetch freſh light from her rich eyes,
Her bright Brow drives the Sun to Clouds beneath.
Her Hairs reflex with red ſtrakes paints the Skies,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew flows from her breath:
Phœbe rules Tides, ſhe my Tears tides forth draws,
In her ſick-Bed Love ſits, and maketh Laws.

Her dainty Limbs tinſel her Silk ſoft Sheets,
Her Roſe-crown'd Cheeks eclipſe my dazled ſight.
O Glaſs! with too much joy my thoughts thou greets,
And yet thou ſhew'ſt me day but by twilight.
Ile kiſs thee for the kindneſs I have felt,
Her Lips one Kiſs would unto *Nectar* melt.

From the Emperor's Court he went to the City of *Florence*, the Pride and Glory of *Italy*, in which City his *Geraldine* was born, never ceaſing till he came to the Houſe of her Nativity; and being ſhewn the Chamber her clear Sun-beams firſt thruſt themſelves in this cloud of Fleſh, he was tranſported with an Extaſie of Joy, his Mouth overflow'd with *Magnificats*, his Tongue thruſt the Stars out of Heaven, and eclipſed the Sun and Moon with Compariſons of his *Geraldine*, and in praiſe of the Chamber that was ſo illuminatively honoured

with her Radiant Conception, he penned this Sonnet:

Fair Room, the preſence of ſweet Beauties pride,
This place the Sun upon the Earth did hold,
When *Phaeton* his Chariot did miſguide,
The Tower where *Jove* rain'd down himſelf in Gold,
Proſtrate as holy ground Ile worſhip thee.
Our *Ladies Chappel* henceforth be thou nam'd;
Here firſt *Loves Queen* put on Mortality,
And with her Beauty all the world inflam'd.
Heaven's Chambers harbouriug fiery Cherubins,
Are not with thee in Glory to compare.
Lightning, it is not Light which in thee ſhines,
None enter thee but ſtreight entranced are.
O! if *Elizium* be above the ground,
Then here it is, where nought but Joy is found.

That the City of *Florence* was the ancient Seat of her Family, he himſelf intimates in one of his Sonnets: thus;

From *Tuſcan* came my Ladies worthy Race;
Fair *Florence* was ſometimes her ancient Seat,
The Weſtern Ille, whoſe pleaſant Shoar doth face,
Whilſt *Camber*'s Cliffs did give her lively heat.

In the Duke of *Florence*'s Court he publiſhed a proud Challenge againſt all Comers, whether *Chriſtians*, *Turks*, *Canibals*, *Jews*, or *Saracens*, in defence

defence of his *Geraldines* Beauty. This Challenge was the more mildly accepted, in regard ſhe whom he defended, was a Town-born Child of that City; or elſe the Pride of the *Italian* would have prevented him ere he ſhould have come to perform it. The Duke of *Florence* nevertheleſs ſent for him, and demanded him of his Eſtate, and the reaſon that drew him thereto; which when he was advertiz'd of to the full, he granteth all Countries whatſoever, as well Enemies and Outlaws, as Friends and Confederates, free acceſs and regreſs into his Dominions immoleſted, until the Trial were ended.

This Challenge, as he manfully undertook, ſo he as valiantly performed; as Mr. *Drayton* deſcribes it in his Letter to the Lady *Geraldine*.

The ſhiver'd Staves here for thy Beauty broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at every ſhock,
When ſtormy Courſes anſwer'd Cuff for Cuff,
Denting proud Beavers with the Counter-buff;
Which when each manly valiant Arm eſſays,
After ſo many brave triumphant days,
The glorious Prize upon my Lance I bare,
By Herald's Voyce proclaim'd to be thy ſhare.

The Duke of *Florence* for his approved Valour, offered him large Proffers to ſtay with him; which he refuſed: intending, as he had done in *Florence*, to proceed through all the chief Cities in *Italy*; but this his Purpoſe was fruſtrated, by Letters ſent to him from his Maſter King *Henry* the 8th. which commanded him to return as ſpeedily as poſſibly he could into *England*.

Our famous *Engliſh* Antiquary *John Leland*, ſpeaking much in the praiſe of Sir *Thomas Wiat* the Elder, as well for his Learning, as other excellent Qualities, meet for a man of his Calling; calls this Earl the conſcript enrolled Heir of the ſaid Sir *Thomas Wiat*: writing to him in theſe words;

Accipe Regnorum Comes illuſtriſſime Carmen,
Quo mea Muſa tuum laudavit mœſta Viatlum.

And again, in another place,

Perge, Howerde, tuum virtute referre Viallum,
Diceriſque tuæ clariſſima Gloria ſtirpis.

A certain Treatiſe called *The Art of* Engliſh *Poetry*, alledges, *That Sir* Thomas Wiat *the Elder, and* Henry *Earl of* Surrey *were the two Chieftains, who having travelled into* Italy, *and there taſted the ſweet and ſtately Meaſures and Style of the* Italian *Poeſie, greatly poliſhed our rude and homely manner of vulgar Poeſie from what it had been before; and may therefore juſtly be ſhewed to be the Reformers of our* Engliſh *Meeter and Style.*

I ſhall only add an Epitaph made by this Noble Earl on Sir *Anthony Denny*, Knight (a Gentleman whom King *Henry* the 8*th.* greatly affected) and then come to ſpeak of his Death.

Death and the King did as it were contend,
Which of them two bare *Denny* greateſt Love;
The King to ſhew his Love, gan far extend,
Did him advance his Betters far above:

Near

Near Place, much Wealth, great Honour eke him gave,
To make it known what Power great Princes have.

But when Death came with his triumphant Gift,
From worldly Cark he quit his wearied Ghoſt,
Free from the Corps, and ſtreight to Heaven it lift,
Now deem that can who did for *Denny* moſt;
The King gave Wealth, but fading and unſure,
Death brought him Bliſs that ever ſhall endure.

But to return, this Earl had together with his Learning, Wiſdom, Fortitude, Munificence, and Affability; yet all theſe good and excellent parts were no protection againſt the King's Diſpleaſure; for upon the 12*th*. of *December*, the laſt of King *Henry* the 8*th*. he, with his Father *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*, upon certain ſurmiſes of Treaſon, were committed to the Tower of *London*, the one by Water, the other by Land; ſo that the one knew not of the others Apprehenſion: The 15*th*. day of *January* next following, he was arraigned at Guildhall, *London*, where the greateſt matter alledged againſt him, was, for bearing certain Arms that were ſaid belonged to the King and Prince; the bearing whereof he juſtified. To be ſhort, (for ſo they were with him) he was found guilty by twelve common Juriars, had Judgment of Death; and upon the 19*th*. day of the ſaid Month (nine days before the Death of the ſaid

King *Henry*, was beheaded at *Tower-Hill*) He was at firſt interred in the Chappel of the Tower, and afterwards, in the Reign of King *James*, his Remainders of Aſhes and Bones were removed to *Framingham* in *Suffolk*, by his ſecond Son *Henry* Earl of *Northampton*, where in the Church they were interred, with this Epitaph;

Henrico Howardo, Thomæ *Secundi Ducis* Norfolciæ *filio primogenito*, Thomæ *tertij Patri*, *Comiti* Surriæ, *& Georgiani Ordinis Equiti Aurato, immature Anno Salutis* 1546. *abrepto. Et* Franciſæ *Uxori ejus, filiæ* Johannis *Comitis* Oxoniæ. Henricus Howardus *Comes* Northhamptoniæ *filius ſecundo genitus, hoc ſupremum Pietatis in Parentes Monumentum poſuit*, A. D. 1614.

Sir *THOMAS WIAT* the Elder.

THis worthy Knight is termed by the Name of the Elder, to diſtinguiſh him from Sir *Thomas Wiat* the raiſer of the Rebellion in the time of Queen *Mary*, and was born at *Allington* Caſtle in the County of *Kent*; which afterwards he repaired with moſt beautiful Buildings. He was a Perſon of great eſteem and reputation in the Reign of King *Henry* the 8*th*. with whom, for his honeſty and ſingular parts, he was in high favour. Which nevertheleſs he had like to have loſt about the Buſineſs of Queen *Anne Bullein*; but by his Innocency, Induſtry and Prudence, he extricated himſelf.

He

He was one of admirable ingenuity, and truly anſwer'd his Anagram, *Wiat*, a Wit, the judicious Mr. *Cambden* ſaith he was.

Eques Auratus ſplendide doctus.

And though he be not taken notice of by *Bale* nor *Pits*, yet for his admirable Tranſlation of *David*'s Pſalms into *Engliſh* Meeter, and other Poetical Writings, *Leland* forbears not to compare him to *Dante* and *Petrarch*, by giving him this large commendation.

Bella ſuum merito jactet Florentia Dantem
Regia Petrarchæ *carmina* Roma *probat*,
His non inferior Patrio Sermone Viattus
Eloquii ſecum qui decus omne tulit.

Let *Florence* fair her *Dantes* juſtly boaſt,
And royal *Rome* her *Petrarchs* number'd feet,
In *Engliſh Wiat* both of them doth coaſt:
In whom all graceful eloquence doth meet.

The renowned Earl of *Surrey* in an *Encomium* upon his Tranſlation of *David*'s Pſalms, thus writes of him,

What holy Grave, what worthy Sepulcher,
To *Wiat*'s Pſalms ſhall Chriſtians purchaſe then?

And afterward, upon his death, the ſaid Earl writeth thus:

What

What Vertues rare were temper'd in thy breſt?
Honour that *England* ſuch a Jewel bred,
And kiſs the ground whereas thy Corps did
reſt, *&c.*

This worthy Knight being ſent Ambaſſador by King *Henry* the Eighth to *Charles* the Fifth Emperor, then reſiding in *Spain*, died of the Peſtilence in the Weſt Country, before he could take Shipping, *Anno* 1541.

Dr. *CHRISTOPHER TYE.*

IN the writing this Doctors Life, we ſhall principally make uſe for Directions of Mr. *Fuller*, in his *England's Worthies*, fol. 244. He flouriſhed (ſaith he) in the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, and King *Edward* the Sixth, to whom he was one of the Gentlemen of their Chappel, and probably the Organiſt. Muſick, which received a grievous wound in *England* at the diſſolution of Abbeys, was much beholding to him for her recovery; ſuch was his excellent Skill and Piety, that he kept it up in Credit at Court, and in all Cathedrals during his life: He tranſlated *the Acts of the Apoſtles* into Verſe, and let us take a taſt of his Poetry.

In the former Treatiſe to thee,
dear friend *Theophilus*,
I have written the veritie
of the Lord Chriſt Jeſus,

Which

Which he to do and eke to teach,
began until the day;
In which the Spirit up did him fetch
to dwell above for aye.

After that he had power to do
even by the Holy Ghoſt:
Commandements then he gave unto
his choſen leaſt and moſt.

To whom alſo himſelf did ſhew
from death thus to revive;
By tokens plain unto his few
even forty days alive.

Speaking of God's kingdom with heart
chuſing together them,
Commanding them not to depart
from that *Jeruſalem*.

But ſtill to wait on the promiſe
of his Father the Lord,
Of which you have heard me e're this
unto you make record.

Paſs we now (ſaith he) from his Poetry, (being Muſick in words) to his Muſick, (being Poetry in ſounds) who ſet an excellent Compoſition of Muſick in four parts, to the ſeveral Chapters of his aforenamed Poetry, dedicating the ſame to King *Edward* the Sixth, a little before his death, and Printed it *Anno Dom.* 1353. He alſo did Compoſe many excellent *Services* and *Anthems* of four and five parts, which were uſed in Cathedrals many years

years after his death, the certain date whereof we cannot attain to.

JOHN LELAND.

THis famous Antiquary, Mr. *John Leland*, flouriſh'd in the year 1546. about the beginning of the Reign of King *Edward* the Sixth, and was born by moſt probable conjecture at *London*. He wrote, among many other Volumes, ſeveral Books of Epigrams, his *Cigneo Cantio*, a Genethliac of Prince *Edward*, *Naniæ* upon the death of Sir *Thomas Wiat*, out of which we ſhall preſent you with theſe Verſes:

Tranſtulit in noſtram Davidis *carmina linguam,*
Et numeros magna reddidit arte pares.
Non morietur opus terſum, ſpectabile ſacrum,
Clarior hac fama parte Viattus *erit.*
Una dies geminos Phœnices non dedit orbi,
Mors erit unius, vita ſed alterius.
Rara avis in terris confectus morte Viattus,
Houerdum *hæredem ſcripſerat ante ſuum.*
Dicere nemo poteſt recte periiſſe Viattum,
Ingenii cujus tot monimenta vigent.

He wrote alſo ſeveral other things both in Proſe and Verſe, to his great fame and commendation.

THOMAS

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

THomas *Churchyard* was born in the Town of *Shrewsbury*, as himſelf doth affirm in his Book made in Verſe of the *Worthineſs of Wales*, taking *Shropſhire* within the compaſs, (to uſe his own Expreſſion) *Wales* the *Park*, and the *Marches* the *Pale* thereof. He was one equally addicted to Arts and Arms, ſerving under that renowned Captain Sir *William Drury*, in a rode he made into *Scotland*, as alſo under ſeveral other Commanders beyond Sea, as he declares in his *Tragical Diſcourſe of the Unhappy Mans Life*, ſaying,

Full thirty years both Court and Wars I tryde,
And ſtill I ſought acquaintance with the beſt,
And ſerved the State, and did ſuch hap abide
As might befal, and Fortune ſent the reſt,
When Drum did ſound, I was a Soldier preſt
To Sea or Land, as Princes quarrel ſtood,
And for the ſame full oft I loſt my blood.

But it ſeems he got little by the Wars but blows, as he declares himſelf a little after.

But God he knows, my gain was ſmall I weene,
For though I did my credit ſtill encreaſe,
I got no wealth by wars, ne yet by peace.

Yet it ſeems he was born of wealthy friends, and had an Eſtate left unto him, as in the ſame Work he doth declare.

So

So born I was to Houſe and Land by right,
But in a Bag to Court I brought the ſame,
From *Shrewsbury*-Town, a ſeat of ancient fame.

Some conceive him to be as much beneath a Poet as above a Rymer, yet who ſo ſhall conſider the time he wrote in, *viz.* the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, ſhall find his Verſes to go abreaſt with the beſt of that Age. His Works, ſuch as I have ſeen and have now in cuſtody, are as followeth:

The Siege of Leith.
A Farewel to the World.
A feigned Fancy of the Spider and the Gout.
A doleful Diſcourſe of a Lady and a Knight.
The Road into Scotland, *by Sir* William Drury.
Sir Simon Burley's *Tragedy.*
A Tragical Diſcourſe of the Unhappy Mans Life.
A Diſcourſe of Vertue.
Churchyard's *Dream.*
A Tale of a Fryar and and a Shoomaker's wife.
The Siege of Edenborough-*Caſtle.*
Queen Elizabeth's *Reception into* Briſtol.

Theſe Twelve ſeveral Treatiſes he bound togegether, calling them *Church-yard's Chips*, and dedicated them to Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*. He alſo wrote the Falls of *Shore*'s Wife and of Cardinal *Wolſey*; which are inſerted into the Book of *the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. Thus, like a ſtone, did he trundle about, but never gather'd any Moſs, dying but poor, as may be ſeen by his Epitaph in Mr. *Cambden's Remains*, which runs thus:

Come

Come *Alecto*, lend me thy Torch,
To find a *Church yard* in a Church-porch:
Poverty and *Poetry* his Tomb doth encloſe,
Wherefore good Neighbours be merry in proſe.

His death, according to the moſt probable conjecture, may be preſumed about the eleventh year of the Queen's Reign, *Anno Dom.* 1570.

JOHN HIGGINS.

John Higgins was one of the chief of them who compiled the Hiſtory of *the Mirrour of Magiſtrates*, aſſociated with Mr. *Baldwin*, Mr. *Ferrers*, *Thomas Churchyard*, and ſeveral others, of which Book Sir *Philip Sidney* thus writes in his *Defence of Poeſie*, *I account the* Mirrour of Magiſtrates *meetly furniſhed of beautiful parts.* Theſe Commendations coming from ſo worthy a perſon, our *Higgins* having ſo principal a ſhare therein, deſerves a principal part of the praiſe. And how well his deſervings were, take an eſſay of his Poetry in his induction to the Book.

When Summer ſweet with all her pleaſures paſt,
And leaves began to leave the ſhady tree,
The Winter cold encreaſed on full faſt,
And time of year to ſadneſs moved me:
For moiſty blaſts not half ſo mirthful be,
As ſweet *Aurora* brings in Spring-time fair,
Our joys they dim as Winter damps the air.

The

The Nights began to grow to length apace,
Sir *Phœbus* to th' Antartique 'gan to fare:
From *Libra*'s lance, to the *Crab* he took his race
Beneath the Line, to lend of light a ſhare.
For then with us the days more darkiſh are,
More ſhort, cold, moiſt, and ſtormy, cloudy, clit,
For ſadneſs more than mirths or pleaſures fit.

Deviſing then what Books were beſt to read,
Both for that time, and ſentence grave alſo,
For conference of friend to ſtand in ſtead,
When I my faithful friend was parted fro;
I gat me ſtrait the Printers ſhops unto,
To ſeek ſome Work of price I ſurely ment,
That might alone my careful mind content.

And then he declareth how there he found the firſt part of this Mirrour for Magiſtrates, which yet took beginning from the time of King *Richard* the Second; But he knowing many Examples of famous perſons before *William* the Conquerour, which were wholly omitted, he ſet upon the Work, and beginning from *Brute*, continued it to *Aurelius Baſſianus Caracalla* Emperour of *Rome*, about the year of Chriſt 209. ſhewing in his Writings a great deal of Wiſdom and Learning. He flouriſhed about the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*.

ABRAHAM

ABRAHAM FRAUNCE.

THis *Abraham Fraunce*, a Verſifier, about the ſame time with *John Higgins*, was one who imitated *Latine* meaſure in *Engliſh* Verſe, writing a Paſtoral, called *the Counteſs of* Pembroke's *Ivychurch*, and ſome other things in Hexameter, ſome alſo in Hexameter and Pentameter; He alſo wrote *the Counteſs of* Pembroke's *Emanuel*, containing the Nativity, Paſſion, Burial, and Reſurrection of Chriſt, together with certain Pſalms of *David*, all in *Engliſh* Hexameters. Nor was he altogether ſingular in this way of writing, for Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the Paſtoral Interludes of his *Arcadia*, uſes not only theſe, but all other ſorts of *Latine* meaſure, in which no wonder he is followed by ſo few, ſince they neither become the *Engliſh*, nor any other modern Language.

He began alſo the Tranſlation of *Heliodorus* his *Æthiopick* Hiſtory, in the ſame kind of Verſe, of which, to give the Reader the better divertiſement, we ſhall preſent you with a taſt.

As ſoon as Sun-beams could once peep out fro the Mountains,
And by the dawn of day had ſomewhat lightned *Olympus*,
Men, whoſe luſt was law, whoſe life was ſtill to be luſting,
Whoſe thriving thieving, convey'd themſelves to an hill top,

That ſtretched forward to the *Heracleotica*
entry
And mouth of *Nylus*; looking thence down to
the main ſea
For ſea-faring men; but ſeeing none to be
ſailing,
They knew 'twas bootleſs to be looking there
for a booty:
So that ſtrait fro the ſea they caſt their eyes to
the ſea-ſhore;
Where they ſaw, that a Ship very ſtrangely with-
out any ſhip-man,
Lay then alone at road, with Cables ty'd to the
main-land,
And yet full fraighted, which they, though far,
fro the hill-top,
Eaſily might perceive by the water drawn to the
deck-boards, *&c.*

His *Ivy-Church* he dedicated to the *Counteſs of Pembroke*; in which he much vindicated his manner of writing, as no Verſe fitter for it then that; he alſo dedicated his *Emanuel* to her, which being but two lines take as followeth:

Mary the beſt Mother ſends her beſt Babe to a
Mary:
Lord to a *Ladies* ſight, and *Chriſt* to a *Chriſtian*.

When he died, we cannot find, but ſuppoſe it to be about the former part of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM WARNER.

William Warner, one of principal eſteem in his time, was chiefly famous for his *Albion's England*, which he wrote in the old-faſhioned kind of ſeven-footed Verſe, which yet ſometimes is in uſe, though in different manner, that is to ſay, divided into two: He wrote alſo ſeveral Books in proſe, as he himſelf witneſſeth in his Epiſtle to the Reader, but (as we ſaid before) his *Albion's England* was the chiefeſt, which he deduced from the time of *Noah*, beginning thus:

I tell of things done long ago, of many things in few:
And chiefly of this Clime of ours, the accidents purſue
Thou high director of the ſame, aſſiſt mine artleſs Pen,
To write the Jeſts of *Brutons* ſtout, and Arts of *Engliſh-men*.

From thence he proceeds to the peopling of the Earth by the Sons of *Noah*, intermixing therein much variety of Matter, not only pleaſant, but profitable for the Readers underſtanding of what was delivered by the ancient Poets, bringing his Matter ſuccinctly to the Siege of *Troy*, and from thence to the coming of *Brute* into this Iſland; and ſo, coming down along the chiefeſt matters, touched of our *Britiſh* Hiſto-

rians, to the Conqueſt of *England* by Duke *William*, and from him the Affairs of the Land to the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*; where he concludeth thus,

Elizabeth by peace, by war, for majeſty, for mild,
Enrich'd, fear'd, honour'd, lov'd, but (loe) unreconcil'd,
The *Muſes* check my ſaucy Pen, for enterpriſing her,
In duly praiſing whom, themſelves, even *Arts* themſelves might err.
Phœbus I am, not *Phaeton*, preſumptuouſly to ask
What, ſhouldſt thou give, I could not guide; guide; give not me thy task,
For, as thou art *Apollo* too, our mighty ſubjects threats
A *non plus* to thy double power:

Vel volo, vel nollem.

I might add ſeveral more of his Verſes, to ſhew the worth of his Pen, but the Book being indifferent common, having received ſeveral Impreſſions, I ſhall refer the Reader, for his further ſatisfaction, to the Book itſelf.

THOMAS

THOMAS TUSSER.

THomas *Tusser* (a person well known by his Book of Husbandry) was born at *Rivenhall* in *Essex*, of an ancient Family, but now extinct; where, when but young, his Father, designing him for a Singing-man, put him to *Wallingford*-School, where how his Misfortunes began in the World, take from his own Pen.

O painful time, for every crime,
What tooſed ears, like baited Bears,
What bobbed lips, what yerks, what nips,
What helliſh toys?
What Robes ſo bare, what Colledge-fare?
What Bread how ſtale, what penny Ale?
Then *Wallingford*, how wer't thou abhorr'd,
Of ſilly boys?

From thence he was ſent to learn Muſick at *Pauls*, with one *John Redford*, an excellent Muſician; where, having attained ſome skill in that Art, he was afterwards ſent to *Eaton*-School, to learn the *Latine* Tongue, where, how his Miſeries encreas'd, let himſelf ſpeak.

From *Pauls* I went, to *Eaton* ſent,
To learn ſtraightways the *Latine* phraſe,
Where fifty three ſtripes given to me,
At once I had,

For fault but ſmall, or none at all,
It came to paſs thus beat I was,
See *Udal*, ſee, the mercy of thee
To me poor Lad.

Having attained to ſome perfection in the *Latine* Tongue, he was ſent to *Trinity-Hall* in *Cambridge*, where he had not continued long, but he was vexed with extream ſickneſs, whereupon he left the Univerſity, and betook himſelf to Court, and lived for a while under the Lord *Paget*, in King *Edward* the Sixth's days; when, the Lords falling at diſſention, he left the Court, and went to *Suffolk*; where he married his firſt Wife, and took a Farm at *Ratwade* in that County, where he firſt deviſed his Book of Husbandry, but his Wife not having her health there, he removed from thence to *Ipſwich*, and ſoon after buried her.

Not long after he married again to one Mrs. *Amy Moon*, upon whoſe Name he thus verſified:

I chanced ſoon to find a *Moon*,
Of chearful hue;
Which well and fine me thought did ſhine,
And never change, a thing moſt ſtrange,
Yet keep in ſight her courſe aright,
And compaſs true.

Being thus married he betook himſelf again to Husbandry, and hired a Farm, called *Diram Cell*, and there he had not lived long, but his Landlord died, and his Executors falling at variance, and now one troubled him, and then another, whereupon he left *Diram*, and went to *Norwich*, turning a Singing-man under Mr. *Salisbury*,

lisbury, the Dean thereof; There he was troubled with a *Diſſury*, ſo that in a 138 Hours he never made a drop of Water. Next he hired a Parſonage at *Fairſtead* in *Eſſex*, but growing weary of that he returned again to *London*, where he had not lived long, but the Peſtilence raging there, he retired to *Cambridge*: Thus did he roul about from place to place, but, like *Siſiphus* ſtone, could gather no Moſs whitherſoever he went: He was ſucceſſive a Muſician, Schoolmaſter, Servingman, Husbandman, Graſier, Poet, more skilful in all, than thriving in any Vocation. He traded at large in Oxen, Sheep, Dairies, Grain of all kinds, to no profit. He ſpread his Bread with all ſorts of Butter, yet none would ſtick thereon. So that he might ſay with the Poet,

——— *Monitis ſum minor ipſe meis.*

None being better at the *Theory*, or worſe at the *Practice* of Husbandry, and may be fitly match'd with *Thomas Churchyard*, they being mark'd alike in their Poetical parts, living in the ſame time, and ſtatur'd both alike in their Eſtates, and that low enough in all reaſon. He died in *London*, *Anno Dom.* 1580. and was buried at St. *Mildred*'s-Church in the *Poultrey*, with this Epitaph:

Here *THOMAS TUSSER*, clad in earth doth lie,
That ſometime made the Points of Husbandry:

By him then learn thou may'ſt, here learn we muſt,
When all is done, we ſleep, and turn to duſt:
And yet, through Chriſt, to Heaven we hope to go,
Who reads his Books, ſhall find his Faith was ſo.

THOMAS STORER.

Thomas Storer was a great writer of Sonnets, Madrigals, and Paſtoral Airs, in the beginning of Q. *Elizabeth*'s Reign, and no doubt was highly eſteemed in thoſe days, of which we have an account of ſome of them in an old Book, called *England's Hellicon*. This kind of writing was of great eſteem in thoſe days, and much imitated by *Thomas Watſon*, *Bartholomew Yong*, Dr. *Lodge*, and ſeveral others. What time he died is to me unknown.

THOMAS LODGE.

Thomas Lodge, a Doctor of Phyſick, flouriſh'd alſo about the beginning of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; He was alſo an eminent Writer of Paſtoral Songs, Odes, and Madrigals. This following Sonnet is ſaid to be of his compoſing.

If

If I muſt die, O let me chuſe my Death:
Suck out my Soul with Kiſſes, cruel Maid!
In thy Breaſts Cryſtal Balls embalm my Breath,
Dole it all out in ſighs when I am laid;
Thy Lips on mine like Cupping-glaſſes claſp;
Let our Tongues meet, and ſtrive as they would ſting:
Cruſh out my Wind with one ſtraight girting Graſp,
Stabs on my Heart keep time whilſt thou doſt ſing.
Thy Eyes like ſearing-Irons burn out mine;
In thy fair Treſſes ſtifle me outright:
Like *Circes*, change me to a loathſom Swine,
So I may live for ever in thy ſight.
Into Heavens Joys can none profoundly ſee,
Except that firſt they meditate on thee.

Contemporary with Dr. *Lodge*, were ſeveral others, who all of them wrote in the ſame ſtrain, as *George Gaſcoigne*, *Tho. Hudſon*, *John Markham*, *Tho. Achely*, *John Weever*, *Chr. Midleton*, *George Turbervile*, *Henry Conſtable*, Sir *Edward Dyer*, *Charles Fitz Geoffry*. Of theſe *George Gaſcoigne* wrote not only Sonnets, Odes and Madrigals, but alſo ſomething to the Stage: as his *Suppoſes*, a Comedy; *Glaſs of Government*, a Tragi-Comedy; and *Jocaſta*, a Tragedy.

But to return to Dr. *Lodge*; we ſhall only add one Sonnet more, taken out of his *Euphues Golden Legacy*, and ſo proceed to others.

Of

Of all chaſte Birds, the *Phœnix* doth excel;
Of all ſtrong Beaſts, the *Lion* bears the Bell:
Of all ſweet Flowers, the Roſe doth ſweeteſt ſmell;
Of all fair Maids, my *Roſalind* is faireſt.
Of all pure Metals, *Gold* is only pureſt;
Of all high Trees, the *Pine* hath higheſt Creſt;
Of all ſoft *Sweets*, I like my Miſtreſs beſt:
Of all chaſte Thoughts my Miſtreſs Thoughts are rareſt.
Of all proud Birds, the *Eagle* pleaſeth *Jove*,
Of pretty Fowls, kind *Venus* likes the *Dove*:
Of Trees, *Minerva* doth the *Olive* love,
Of all ſweet Nymphs, I honour *Roſalinde*,
Of all her Gifts, her *Wiſdom* pleaſeth moſt:
Of all her Graces, *Virtue* ſhe doth boaſt;
For all the Gifts, my Life and Joy is loſt,
If *Roſalinde* prove cruel and unkind.

ROBERT GREENE.

Robert Greene (that great Friend to the *Printers* by his many Impreſſions of numerous Books) was by Birth a Gentleman, and ſent to ſtudy in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*; where he proceeded Maſter of Art therein. He had in his time ſipped of the Fountain of *Hellicon*, but drank deeper Draughts of Sack, that *Helliconian* Liquor, whereby he beggar'd his Purſe to enrich his Fancy; writing much againſt Viciouſneſs, but too too vicious in his Life. He had to his Wife a Virtuous Gentlewoman, whom yet he forſook, and betook himſelf to a high courſe of Living;

to

to maintain which, he made his Pen mercenary, making his Name very famous for ſeveral Books which he wrote, very much taking in his time, and in indifferent repute amongſt the vulgar at this preſent; of which, thoſe that I have ſeen, are as followeth) Euphues *his Cenſure to* Philautus; Tullies *Love*, *Philomela*, *The Lady* Fitz-waters *Nightingale*, *A Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, *the Hiſtory of* Doraſtus *and* Fawnia, Green's *never too late*, firſt and ſecond Part; Green's *Arcadia*, Green *his Farewell to Folly*, Greene's *Groats-worth of Wit*, *&c.* He was alſo an Aſſociate with Dr. *Lodge* in writing of ſeveral Comedies; namely, *The Laws of Nature*; *Lady Alimony*; *Liberality and Prodigality*; and a Maſque called *Luminalia*; beſides which, he wrote alone the Comedies of *Fryer Bacon*, and *fair Emme*.

But notwithſtanding by theſe his Writings he got much Money, yet was it not ſufficient to maintain his Prodigality, but that before his death he fell into extream Poverty, when his Friends, (like Leaves to Trees in the Summer of Proſperity) fell from him in his Winter of Adverſity: of which he was very ſenſible, and heartily repented of his ill paſſed Life, eſpecially of the wrongs he had done to his Wife; which he declared in a Letter written to her, and found with his Book of *A Groatſworth of Wit*, after his Death, containing theſe Words;

THE Remembrance of many Wrongs offered Thee and thy unreproved Vertues, add greater ſorrow to my miſerable State than I can utter, or thou conceive; neither is it leſſened by conſideration of thy Abſence (though Shame would let me hardly behold thy Face) but

but exceedingly aggravated, for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy own ſelf reconcile my ſelf, that thou mighteſt witneſs my inward Wo at this inſtant, that have made thee a woful Wife for ſo long a time. But equal Heaven hath denied that comfort, giving at my laſt need, like Succour as I have ſought all my Life: Being in this extremity, as void of help, as thou haſt been of hope. Reaſon would that after ſo long waſte, I ſhould not ſend thee a Child to bring the Charge, but conſider he is the fruit of thy Womb, in whoſe Face regard not the Father's ſo much as thy own Perfections: He is yet Green, *and may grow ſtrait, if he be carefully tended; otherwiſe apt enough (I fear me) to follow his Fathers Folly. That I have offended thee highly, I know; that thou canſt forget my Injuries, I hardly believe; yet I perſwade my ſelf, if thou ſaweſt my wretched eſtate, thou couldſt not but lament it: Nay, certainly I know thou wouldſt. All my wrongs muſter themſelves about me, and every Evil at once plagues me: For my Contempt of God, I am contemned of Men; for my ſwearing and forſwearing, no man will believe me; for my Gluttony I ſuffer Hunger; for my Drunkenneſs Thirſt; for my Adultery, ulcerous Sores: Thus God hath caſt me down that I might be humbled, and puniſht me for example of others; and though he ſuffers me in this world to periſh without ſuccour, yet truſt I in the world to come to find Mercy by the Merits of my Saviour; to whom I commend thee, and commit my Soul.*

Thy Repentant Husband

for his Diſloyalty,

Robert Greene.

In a Comedy called *Green's Tu quoque*, written by *John Cooke*, I find these Verses made upon his Death;

How fast bleak Autumn changeth *Flora*'s Die;
What yesterday was *Greene*, now's sear and dry.

THOMAS NASH.

Thomas Nash was also a Gentleman born, and bred up in the University of *Cambridge*; a man of a quick apprehension and Satyrick Pen: One of his first Books he wrote was entituled *Pierce Pennilefs his Supplication to the Devil*, wherein he had some Reflections upon the Parentage of Dr. *Harvey*, his Father being a Rope-maker of *Saffron-Walden*: This begot high Contests betwixt the Doctor and him, so that it became to be a well known Pen-Combate. Amongst other Books which Mr. *Nash* wrote against him, one was entituled, *Have with ye to* Saffron-Walden; and another called *Four Letters confuted*; in which last he concludes with this Sonnet;

Were there no Wars, poor men should have no Peace;
Uncessant Wars with Wasps and Drones I cry:
He that begins oft knows not how to cease;
He hath begun; Ile follow till I die. (me:
Ile hear no Truce, Wrong gets no Grave in
Abuse pell-mell encounter with abuse;
Write he again, Ile write eternally;
Who feeds Revenge, hath found an endless Muse.

If

If Death ere made his black Dart of a Pen,
My Pen his ſpecial Bayly ſhall become:
Somewhat Ile be reputed of 'mongſt men,
By ſtriking of this Dunce or dead or dumb:
Await the World the Tragedy of Wrath,
What next I paint ſhall tread no common Path.

It ſeems he had a Poetical Purſe as well as a Poetical Brain, being much ſtraghitned in the Gifts of Fortune; as he exclaims in his *Pierce Pennileſs.*

Why is't damnation to deſpair and die,
When Life is my true happineſs diſeaſe?
My Soul, my Soul, thy Safety makes me fly
The faulty Means that might my Pain appeaſe.
Divines and dying men may talk of Hell,
But in my Heart her ſeveral Torments dwell.

Ah worthleſs Wit, to train me to this Wo!
Deceitful Arts that nouriſh *Diſcontent*,
Ill thrive the Folly that bewitch'd me ſo!
Vain Thoughts adieu; for now I will repent:
And yet my Wants perſuade me to proceed,
Since none takes pity of a Scholar's need.

Forgive me, God, although I curſe my Birth,
And ban the Ayr wherein I breath a wretch,
Since Miſery hath daunted all my Mirth,
And I am quite undone through Promiſe breach.
Oh Friends! no Friends, that then ungently frown,
When changing Fortune caſts us headlong down.

Without

Without redreſs complains my careleſs Verſe,
And *Midas* ears relent not at my mone;
In ſome far Land will I my griefs rehearſe,
'Mongſt them that will be mov'd, when I ſhall grone.
England adieu, the Soil that brought me forth;
Adieu unkind, where Skill is nothing worth.

He wrote moreover a witty Poem, entituled, *The White Herring and the Red*; and two Comedies, the one called *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, and *See me and ſee me not*.

Sir *PHILIP SIDNEY*.

SIr *Philip Sidney*, the glory of the *Engliſh* Nation in his time, and pattern of true Nobility, in whom the Graces and Muſes had their domeſtical habitations, equally addicted both to Arts and Arms, though more fortunate in the one than in the other. Son to Sir *Henry Sidney*, thrice Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and Siſters Son to *Robert* Earl of *Leiceſter*; Bred in *Chriſt*'s Church in *Oxford*, (*Cambridge* being nevertheleſs ſo happy to have a Colledge of his name) where he ſo profited in the Arts and Liberal Sciences, that after an incredible proficiency in all the Species of Learning, he left the Academical Life, for that of the Court, invited thither by his Uncle, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, that great Favourite of Queen *Elizabeth*. Here he ſo profited, that he became the glorious Star of his Family, a lively Pattern of

of Vertue, and the lovely Joy of all the learned ſort. Theſe his Parts ſo indeared him to Queen *Elizabeth*, that ſhe ſent him upon an Embaſſy to the Emperor of *Germany* at *Vienna*, which he diſcharged to his own Honour, and her Approbation. Yea, his Fame was ſo renowned throughout all Chriſtendom, that (as it is commonly reported) he was in election for the Kingdom of *Poland*, though the Author of his Life, printed before his *Arcadia*, doth doubt of the truth of it, however it was not above his deſerts.

During his abode at the Court, at his ſpare hours he compoſed that incomparable Romance, entituled, *The Arcadia*, which he dedicated to his Siſter the Counteſs of *Pembroke*. A Book (ſaith Dr. *Heylin*) which, beſides its excellent Language, rare Contrivances, and delectable Stories, hath in it all the ſtrains of Poeſie, comprehendeth the whole art of ſpeaking, and to them who can diſcern and will obſerve, affordeth notable Rules of Demeanour, both private and publick; and though ſome men, ſharp-witted only in ſpeaking evil, have depraved the Book, as the occaſion that many precious hours are ſpent no better, they conſider not that the ready way to make the minds of Youth grow awry, is to lace them too hard, by denying them juſt and due liberty. Surely (ſaith one) the Soul deprived of lawful delights, will, in way of revenge, (to enlarge its ſelf out of priſon) invade and attempt unlawful pleaſures. Let ſuch be condemned always to eat their meat with no other ſawce, but their own appetite, who deprive themſelves and others of thoſe ſallies into lawful Recreations, whereof no leſs plenty than variety is afforded in this *Arcadia*.

One

One writes, that Sir *Philip Sidney* in the extream agony of his wounds, ſo terrible the ſence of death is, requeſted the deareſt friend he had, to burn his *Arcadia*; what promiſe his friend returned herein is uncertain; but if he brake his word to be faithful to the publick good, poſterity herein hath leſs cauſe to cenſure him for being guilty of ſuch a meritorious offence, wherewith he hath obliged ſo many ages. Hereupon thus writeth the *Britiſh* Epigramatiſt.

Ipſe tuam morient ſede conjuge teſte jubebas,
Arcadium ſævis ignibus eſſe cibum;
Si meruit mortem, quia flammam accendit amoris
Mergi, non uri debuit iſte liber.
In Librum quæcunque cadat ſententia nulla,
Debuit ingenium morte perire tuum.

In ſerious thoughts of Death 'twas thy deſire
This ſportful Book ſhould be condemn'd with Fire:
If ſo, becauſe it doth intend Love-matters,
It rather ſhould be quench'd or drown'd i'th waters.
However doom'd the Book, the memory
Of thy immortal Wit will never die.

He wrote alſo beſides his *Arcadia*, ſeveral other Works; namely, *A Defence of Poeſie*, a Book entituled *Aſtrophel* and *Stella*, with divers Songs and Sonnets in praiſe of his Lady, whom he celebrated under that bright Name; whom afterwards he married, that Paragon of Nature, Sir *Francis Walſingham*'s Daughter, who impoveriſhed himſelf to enrich the State; from whom he expected no

more than what was above all Portions, a beautiful Wife, and a virtuous Daughter.

He also translated part of that excellent Treatise of *Philip Morney du Plessis*, of the Truth of Religion; and no doubt had written many other excellent Works, had not the Lamp of his Life been extinguish'd too soon; the manner whereof take as followeth:

His Unkle *Robert Dudley* Earl of *Leicester* (a man almost as much hated as his Nephew was loved) was sent over into the *Low Countries*, with a well appointed Army, and large Commission, to defend the *United Provinces* against the *Spanish* Cruelty. Under him went Sir *Philip Sidney*, who had the Command of the cautionary Town of *Flushing*, and Castle of *Ramekins*, a Trust which he so faithfully discharged, that he turned the Envy of the *Dutch* Townsmen into Affection and Admiration. Not long after, some Service was to be performed nigh *Zutphen* in *Guelderland*, where the *English*, through false intelligence, were mistaken in the strength of the Enemy. Sir *Philip* is employed next to the Chief in that Expedition; which he so discharged, that it is questionable whether his Wisdom, Industry or Valour may challenge to it self the greatest praise of the Action. And now when the triumphant Lawrels were ready to Crown his Brows, the *English* so near the Victory, that they touched it, ready to lay hold upon, he was unfortunately shot in the Thigh, which is the Rendezvouz of Nerves and Sinews, which caused a Feaver, that proved so mortal, that five and twenty days after he died of the same; the Night of whose Death was the Noon of his Age, and the exceeding Loss of Christendom.

His

His Body was conveyed into *England*, and moſt honourably interred in the Church of St. *Paul* in *London*; over which was fixed this Epitaph:

England, *Netherland*, the Heavens, and the Arts,
All Souldiers, and the World have made ſix parts
Of the Noble *Sidney*; for none will ſuppoſe
That a ſmall heap of Stones can *Sidney* encloſe:
England hath his Body, for ſhe it bred;
Netherland his Blood, in her defence ſhed;
The Heavens his Soul, the Arts his Fame;
All Soldiers the Grief, the World his good Name.

To recite the Commendations given him by ſeveral Authors, would of it ſelf require a Volume; to rehearſe ſome few not unpleaſing to the Reader. The reverend *Cambden* writes thus; This is that *Sidney*, whom, as God's will was, he ſhould be therefore born into the world even to ſhew unto our Age a Sample of ancient Virtues. Doctor *Heylin* in his *Coſmography* calleth him, That gallant Gentleman of whom he cannot but make honourable mention. Mr. *Fuller* in his *Worthies* thus writes of him, His homebred Abilities perfected by Travel with foreign accompliſhments, and a ſweet Nature, ſet a gloſs upon both. *Stow* in his *Annals*, calleth him, a moſt valiant and towardly Gentleman. *Speed* in his Chronicle, That worthy Gentleman in whom were compleat all Virtues and Valours that could be expected to reſide in man: And Sir *Richard Baker* gives him this Character, A man of ſo many excellent parts of Art and Nature, of Valour and Learning, of Wit and

Magnanimity, that as he had equalled all thoſe of former Ages, ſo the future will hardly be able to equal him.

Nor was this Poet forgotten by the Poets; who offered whole Hecatombs of Verſes in his praiſe. Hear firſt that Kingly Poet, or Poetical King, King *James* the firſt, late Monarch of Great *Britain*, who thus writes;

Armipotens cui jus in fortia pectora Mavors,
Tu Dea quæ cerebrum perrumpere digna totantis,
Tuque adeo bijugæ proles Latonia *rupis*
Gloria, decidiæ cingunt quam collibus artes,
Duc tecum, & querela Sidnæi *funera voce*
Plangite; nam veſter fuerat Sidnæus *alumnus,*
Quid genus, & proavos, & ſpem, floremque juventæ,
Immaturo obitu raptum ſine fine retexo?
Heu fruſtra queror? heu rapuit Mors omnia ſecum,
Et nihil ex tanto nunc eſt Heroe ſuperſtes,
Præterquam Decus & Nomen virtute paratum,
Doctaque Sidneas *teſtantia Carmina laudes.*

Thus tranſlated by the ſaid King:

Thou mighty *Mars*, the Lord of Soldiers brave,
And thou *Minerva*, that doſt in wit excel,
And thou *Apollo*, who doſt knowledge have
Of every Art that from *Parnaſſus* fell,
With all your Siſters that thereon do dwell,
Lament for him who duly ſerv'd you all:
Whom in you wiſely all your Arts did meſl,
Bewail (I ſay) his unexpected fall,
I need not in remembrance for to call
His Race, his Youth, the hope had of him ay,

Since

Since that in him doth cruel Death appall
Both Manhood, Wit and Learning every way:
But yet he doth in bed of Honour reſt,
And evermore of him ſhall live the beſt.

And in another place thus;

When *Venus* ſad ſaw *Philip Sidney* ſlain,
She wept, ſuppoſing *Mars* that he had been,
From Fingers Rings, and from her Neck the Chain
She pluckt away, as if *Mars* ne'er again
She meant to pleaſe, in that form he was in,
Dead, and yet could a Goddeſs thus beguile,
What had he done if he had liv'd this while?

Theſe Commendations given him by ſo learned a Prince, made Mr. *Alexander Nevil* thus to write;

Harps others Praiſe, a Scepter his doth ſing,
Of Crowned Poet, and of Laureat King.

Divine *Du Bartus*, ſpeaking of the moſt Learned of the *Engliſh* Nation, reckoneth him as one of the chief, in theſe words;

And (world mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Thames*,
His Swan-like Tunes, ſo courts her coy proud Streams,
That (all with child with Fame) his Fame they bear
To *Thetis* Lap, and *Thetis* every where.

Sir *John Harrington* in his Epigrams thus;

If that be true the latter Proverb ſays,
Laudari a Laudatis is moſt Praiſe,
Sidney, thy Works in Fames Books are enroll'd
By Princes Pens, which have thy Works extoll'd,
Whereby thy Name ſhall dure to endleſs days.

Mr. *Owen*, the *Britiſh* Epigrammatiſt thus ſets him forth:

Thou writ'ſt things worthy reading, and didſt do
Things worthy writing too.
Thy Arts thy Valour ſhow,
And by thy Works we do thy Learning know.

I ſhall conclude all with theſe excellent Verſes made by himſelf a little before his Death;

It is not I that die, I do but leave an Inn,
Where harbour'd was with me all filthy Sin:
It is not I that die, I do but now begin
Into eternal Joy by Faith to enter in, (Kin?
Why mourn you then my Parents, Friends and
Lament you when I loſe, not when I win.

Sir *FULK GREVIL.*

NExt to Sir *Philip Sidney*, we ſhall add his great Friend and Aſſociate, Sir *Fulk Grevil*, Lord *Brook*, one very eminent both for Arts and Arms; to which the *genius* of that time did mightily

mightily invite active Spirits. This Noble Person, for the great love he bore to Sir *Philip Sidney*, wrote his Life. He wrote several other Works both in Prose and Verse, some of which were Dramatick, as his Tragedies of *Alaham*, *Mustapha*, and *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, and others, commonly of a Political Subject; amongst which, a Posthume Work, not publish'd till within a few years, being a two-fold Treatise, the first of Monarchy, the second of Religion, in all which is observable a close mysterious and sententious way of Writing, without much regard to Elegancy of Stile, or smoothness of Verse. Another Posthume Book is also fathered upon him; namely, *The Five Years of King* James, *or the Condition of the State of* England, *and the Relation it had to other Provinces*, Printed in the Year 1643. But of this last Work many people are doubtful.

Now for his Abilities in the Exercise of Arms, take this instance: At such time when the *French* Ambassadours came over into *England*, to Negotiate a Marriage between the Duke of *Anjou*, and Queen *Elizabeth*, for their better entertainment, Solemn Justs were proclaimed, where the Earl of *Arundel*, *Frederick* Lord *Windsor*, Sir *Philip Sidney*, and he, were chief Challengers against all comers; in which Challenge he behaved himself so gallantly, that he won the reputation of a most valiant Knight.

Thus you see, that though *Ease be the Nurse of Poesie*, the Muses are also Companions to *Mars*, as may be exemplified in the Lives of the Earl of *Surrey*, Sir *Philip Sidney*, and this Sir *Fulk Grevil*.

I ſhall only add a word or two of his death, which was as ſad as lamentable. He kept a diſcontented ſervant, who conceiving his deſerts, not ſoon or well enough rewarded, wounded him mortally; and then (to ſave the Law a labour) killed himſelf. Verifying therein the obſervation, *That there is none who never ſo much deſpiſeth his own life, but yet is maſter of another mans.*

This ingenious Gentleman, (in whoſe perſon ſhined all true Vertue and high Nobility) as he was a great friend to learning himſelf, ſo was he a great favourer of learning in others, witneſs his liberality to Mr. *Speed* the Chronologer, when finding his wide Soul was ſtuffed with too narrow an Occupation, gave it enlargement, as the ſaid Author doth ingeniouſly confeſs in his deſcription of *Warwick-ſhire*, *Whoſe Merits* (ſaith he) *to me-ward, I do acknowledge, in ſetting his hand free from the daily employments of a Manual Trade, and giving it full liberty thus to expreſs the inclination of mind, himſelf being the* Procurer *of my preſent Eſtate.*

He lieth interred in *Warwick*-Church, under a Monument of Black and White Marble, wherein he is ſtyled, *Servant to Queen* Elizabeth, *Councellor to King* James, *and Friend to* Sir *Philip Sidney.* He died *Anno* 16---. without Iſſue, ſave only thoſe of his Brain, which will make his Name to live, when others Iſſue they may fail them.

Mr. *EDMOND SPENSER.*

THis our Famous Poet, Mr. *Edmond Spenſer*, was born in the City of *London*, and brought up in *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*; where he

he became a moſt excellent Scholar, but eſpecially very happy in *Engliſh* Poetry, as his learned, elaborate Works do declare, which whoſo ſhall peruſe with a judicious eye, will find to have in them the very height of Poetick fancy, and though ſome blame his Writings for the many *Chauceriſms* uſed by him, yet to the Learned they are known not to be blemiſhes, but rather beauties to his Book; which, notwithſtanding, (ſaith a learned Writer) had been more ſalable, if more conformed to our modern language.

His firſt flight in Poetry, as not thinking himſelf fully fledged, was in that Book of his, called *The Shepherds Kalendar*, applying an old Name to a new Book; It being of Eclogues fitted to each Month in the Year: of which Work hear what that worthy Knight, Sir *Philip Sidney* writes, whoſe judgment in ſuch caſes is counted infallible: *The Shepherds Kalendar* (ſaith he) *hath much Poetry in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived; That ſame framing his Stile to an old ruſtick Language, I dare not allow, ſince neither* Theocritus *in* Greek, Virgil *in* Latine, *nor* Sanazara *in* Italian *did effect it.* Afterwards he tranſlated the *Gnat*, a little fragment of *Virgil*'s excellency. Then he tranſlated *Bellay* his Ruins of *Rome*; His moſt unfortunate Work was that of *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, giving therein offence to one in authority, who afterwards ſtuck on his skirts. But his main Book, and which indeed I think Envy its ſelf cannot carp at, was his *Fairy Queen*, a Work of ſuch an ingenious compoſure as will laſt as long as time endures.

Now as you have heard what eſteem Sir *Philip Sidney*

Sidney had of his Book, ſo you ſhall hear what eſteem Mr. *Spenſer* had of Sir *Philip Sidney*, writing thus in his *Ruins of Time*.

Yet will I ſing, but who can better ſing
Than thou thy ſelf, thine own ſelfs valiance?
That while thou livedſt thou madeſt the Foreſts ring,
And Fields reſound, and Flocks to leap and dance,
And Shepherds leave their Lambs unto miſchance,
To run thy ſhrill *Arcadian* Pipe to hear,
O happy were thoſe days, thrice happy were.

In the ſame his Poem of the *Ruins of Time*, you may ſee what account he makes of the World, and of the immortal Fame gotten by Poeſie.

In vain do earthly Princes then, in vain,
Seek with Pyramids to Heaven aſpir'd;
Or huge Colloſſes, built with coſtly pain;
Or brazen Pillars never to be fir'd;
Or Shrines, made of the metal moſt deſir'd,
To make their Memories for ever live,
For how can mortal immortality give?
For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do in themſelves decay,
But wiſe words taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muſes, live for aye;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſh'd away,
Ne bitter breathing with harmful blaſt,
Nor age, nor envy, ſhall them ever waſt.

There paſſeth a ſtory commonly told and believed, that Mr. *Spenſer* preſenting his Poems to Queen

Queen *Elizabeth*, ſhe highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord *Cecil*, her Treaſurer, to give him an Hundred Pound; and when the Treaſurer (a good Steward of the Queen's Money) alledged, that Sum was too much for ſuch a matter; then give him, quoth the Queen, *what is reaſon*; but was ſo buſied, or ſeemed to be ſo, about matters of higher concernment, that Mr. *Spenſer* received no reward: whereupon he preſented this Petition in a ſmall piece of Paper to the Queen in her progreſs.

I was promis'd on a time,
To have reaſon for my rime,
From that time unto this ſeaſon,
I receiv'd nor rime nor reaſon.

This tart reflect ſo wrought upon the Queen, that ſhe gave ſtrict order (not witſtout ſome check to her Treaſurer) for the preſent payment of the hundred pounds ſhe firſt intended him.

He afterwards went over into *Ireland*, Secretary to the Lord *Gray*, Lord Deputy thereof; and though that his Office under his Lord was lucrative, yet got he no Eſtate; *Peculiari Poetis fato ſemper cum paupertate conflictatus eſt*, ſaith the reverend *Cambden*; ſo that it fared little better with him, (than with *Churchyard* or *Tuſſer* before him) or with *William Xilander* the *German*, (a moſt excellent Linguiſt, Antiquary, Philoſopher, and Mathematician) who was ſo poor, that (as *Thuanus* writes) he was thought, *Fami non fame ſcribere*.

Thriving ſo bad in that boggy Country, to add to his miſery, he was robb'd by the Rebels of that little

little he had left; whereupon, in great grief, he returns into *England*, and falling into want, which to a noble ſpirit is moſt killing, being heart-broken, he died *Anno* 1598. and was honourably buried at the ſole charge of *Robert*, firſt of that name Earl of *Eſſex*, on whoſe Monument is written this Epitaph.

Edmundus Spencer, *Londinenſis*, *Anglicorum Poetarum noſtri ſeculi fuit Princeps*, *quod ejus Poemata*, *faventibus Muſis*, *& futuro genio conſcripta comprobant*. *Obiit immatura morte*, *Anno ſalutis*, 1598. *& prope* Galfredum Chaucerum *conditur*, *qui ſcœliſiſſime Poeſin Anglicis literis primus illuſtravit*. *In quem hæc ſcripta ſunt Epitaphia*.

Hic prope Chaucerum *ſitus eſt* Spenſerius, *illi*
Proximus ingenio, *proximus ut tumulo*.
Hic prope Chaucerum Spenſere *poeta poetam*
Conderis, *& verſu! quam tumulo proprior*,
Anglica te vivo vixit, *plauſitque Poeſis*;
Nunc moritura timet, *te moriente*, *mori*.

Theſe two laſt lines, for the worthineſs of the Poet, are thus tranſlated by Dr. *Fuller*.

Whileſt thou didſt live, liv'd Engliſh Poetry,
Which fears, now thou art dead, that ſhe ſhall die.

A modern Author writes, that the Lord *Cecil* owed Mr. *Spenſer* a grudge for ſome Reflections of his in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, and therefore when the Queen had order'd him that Money, the Lord Treaſurer ſaid, What ail this for a Song? And this

this he is ſaid to have taken ſo much to heart, that he contracted a deep Melancholy, which ſoon after brought his life to a period: ſo apt is an ingenious ſpirit to reſent a ſlighting even from the greateſt perſons. And thus much I muſt needs ſay of the Merit of ſo great a Poet, from ſo great a Monarch, that it is incident to the beſt of Poets ſometimes to flatter ſome Royal or Noble Patron, never did any do it more to the height, or with greater art and elegance, if the higheſt of praiſes attributed to ſo Heroick a Princeſs can juſtly be termed flattery.

Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

SIr *John Harrington* is ſuppoſed to be born in *Somerſet-ſhire*, he having a fair Eſtate near *Bath* in that County. His Father, for carrying a Letter to the Lady (afterwards Queen) *Elizabeth*, was kept twelve months in the *Tower*, and made to ſpend a Thouſand Pounds e're he could be free of that trouble. His Mother alſo being Servant to the Lady *Elizabeth*, was ſequeſtred from her, and her Husband enjoyned not to keep company with her; ſo that on both ſides he may be ſaid to be very indear'd to Queen *Elizabeth*, who was alſo his Godmother, a further tye of her kindneſs and reſpects unto him.

This Sir *John* was bred up in *Cambridge*, either in *Chriſt*'s or in St. *John*'s-Colledge, under Dr. *Still* his Tutor. He afterwards proved one of the moſt ingenious Poets of our *Engliſh* Nation, no leſs noted for his Book of witty Epigrams, than his judi-

judicious Translation of *Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo*, dedicated to the Lady *Elizabeth*, afterwards Queen of *Bohemia*.

The *Britiſh* Epigramatiſt, Mr. *John Owen*, in his ſecond Book of Epigrams, thus writes to him:

A Poet mean I am, yet of the Troop,
Though thou art not, yet better thou canſt do't.

And afterwards in his fourth Book, *Epig.* 20. concerning Envy's Genealogy; he thus complements him.

Fair Vertue, foul-mouth'd Envy breeds, and feeds;
From Vertue only this foul Vice proceeds;
Wonder not that I this to you indite,
'Gainſt your rare Vertues, Envy bends her ſpite.

It happened that whileſt the ſaid Sir *John* repaired often to an Ordinary in *Bath*, a Female attendreſs at the Table, neglecting other Gentlemen, which ſat higher, and were of greater Eſtates, applied herſelf wholly to him, accommodating him with all neceſſaries, and preventing his asking any thing with her officiouſneſs. She being demanded by him, the reaſon of her ſo careful waiting on him? *I underſtand* (ſaid ſhe) *you are a very witty man, and if I ſhould diſpleaſe you in any thing, I fear you would make an Epigram of me.*

Sir *John* frequenting often the Lady *Robert*'s Houſe, his Wives Mother, where they uſed to go to dinner extraordinary late, a Child of his being there then, ſaid *Grace*, which was that of the *Primmer*,

mer, *Thou giveſt them Meat in due ſeaſon*; Hold, ſaid Sir *John* to the Child, you ought not to lie unto God, for here we never have our Meat in due ſeaſon. This Jeſt he afterwards turned into an Epigram, directing it to his Wife, and concluding it thus:

Now if your Mother angry be for this,
Then you muſt reconcile us with a kiſs.

A Poſthume Book of his came forth, as an addition to Biſhop *Godwin's Catalogue of Biſhops*, wherein (ſaith Dr. *Fuller*) beſides miſtakes, ſome tart reflections in *Vxaratos Epiſcopos*, might well have been ſpared. In a word (ſaith he) he was a Poet in all things, ſave in his wealth, leaving a fair Eſtate to a learned and religious Son, and died about the middle of the Reign of King *James*.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

THis *John Heywood* was one of the firſt writers of *Engliſh* Plays, contemporary with the Authors of *Gammar Gurton's Needle*, and *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, as may appear by the Titles of his Interludes; *viz.* The Play of Love; Play of of the Weather; Play between *Johan* the Husband, and *Tib* his Wife; Play between the Pardoner and the Fryer, and the Curate and Neighbour *Prat*; Play of Gentleneſs and Nobility, in two parts. Beſides theſe he wrote two Comedies, the *Pinner of Wakefield*, and *Philotas Scotch.*

Scotch. There was of this Name, in King *Henry* the Eighth's Reign, an Epigramatiſt, *who*, ſaith the Author of the Art of *Engliſh* Poetry, *for the mirth and quickneſs of his conceits, more than any good learning was in him, came to be well benefited by the King.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THomas Heywood was a greater Benefactor to the Stage than his Nameſake, *John Heywood*, aforeſaid, he having (as you may read in an Epiſtle to a Play of his, called, *The Engliſh Travellers*) had an entire hand, or at leaſt a main finger in the writing of 220 of them. And no doubt but he took great pains therein, for it is ſaid, that he not only Acted himſelf almoſt every day, but alſo wrote each day a Sheet; and that he might loſe no time, many of his Plays were compoſed in the Tavern, on the back-ſide of Tavern Bills; which may be an occaſion that ſo many of them are loſt, for of thoſe 220. mentioned before, we find but 25. of them Printed, *viz. The Brazen Age*; *Challenge for Beauty*; *The* Engliſh *Travellers*; *The firſt and ſecond part of* Edward *the Fourth*; *The firſt and ſecond part of Queen* Elizabeth's *Troubles*; *Fair Maid of the Weſt, firſt and ſecond part*; *Fortune by Land and Sea*; *Fair Maid of the Exchange*; *Maidenhead well loſt*; *Royal King and Loyal Subject*; *Woman kill'd with kindeſs*; *Wiſe Woman of* Hogſdon, Comedies. *Four* London *Prentices*; *The Golden Age*; *The Iron Age, firſt and ſecond part*; Robert *Earl of* Huntington's

tington's *downfal*; Robert *Earl of* Huntington's *death*; *The Silver Age*; *Dutchess of* Suffolk, Histories; *And Loves Mistress*, a Mask. And, as if the Name of *Heywood* were destinated to the Stage, there was also one *Jasper Heywood*, who wrote three Tragedies, namely, *Hercules Furiens*, *Thyestes*, and *Troas*. Also, in my time I knew one *Matthew Heywood*; who wrote a Comedy, called *The Changling*, that should have been acted at *Audley-end* House, but, by I know not what accident was prevented.

GEORGE PEEL.

George Peel, a somewhat antiquated *English* Bard of Queen *Elizabeth*'s date, some remnants of whose pretty pastoral Poetry we have extant in a Collection, entituled, *England's Helicon*. He also contributed to the Stage three Plays, *Edward* the first, a History; *Alphonsus*, Emperour of *Germany*, a Tragedy; and *David* and *Bathsabe* a Tragi-Comedy; which no doubt in the time he wrote passed with good applause.

JOHN LILLY.

John Lilly, a famous Poet for the State in his time, as by the Works which he left appears, being in great esteem in his time, and acted then with great applause of the Vulgar, as such things which they understood, and composed chiefly to

make them merry. Yet ſo much prized as they were Printed together in one Volume, namely, *Endymion*, *Alexander and Campaſpe*, *Galatea*, *Midas*, *Mother Bombie*, *Maids Metamorphoſis*, *Sapho and Phao*, *Woman in the Moon*, Comedies; and another Play called *A Warning for fair Women*; all which declare the great pains he took, and the eſteem which he had in that Age.

WILLIAM WAGER.

THis *William Wager* is moſt famous for an Interlude which he wrote, called *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, which paſſed with ſuch general applauſe that it was reprinted in the year 1661. and has been Acted divers times by private perſons; the chief Argument whereof is, *Tyler* his marrying to a Shrew, which, that you may the better underſtand, take it in the Author's own words, ſpeaking in the perſon of *Tom Tyler*.

I am a poor *Tyler*, in ſimple array,
And get a poor living, but eight pence a day,
My Wife as I get it doth ſpend it away;
And I cannot help it, ſhe ſaith; wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging comes by deſtiny.
I thought when I wed her, ſhe had been a Sheep,
At board to be friendly, to ſleep when I ſleep:
She loves ſo unkindly, ſhe makes me to weep.
But I dare ſay nothing, god wot; wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging comes by deſtiny.
Beſides this unkindneſs whereof my grief grows,
I think few *Tylers* are matcht to ſuch ſhrows,
Before ſhe leaves brawling, ſhe falls to deal blows.

Which

Which early and late doth cauſe me to cry,
That wedding and hanging is deſtiny.
The more that I pleaſe her, the worſe ſhe doth like me,
The more I forbear her, the more ſhe doth ſtrike me,
The more that I get her, the more ſhe doth glike me.
Wo worth this ill fortune that maketh me cry,
That wedding and hanging is deſtiny.
If I had been hanged when I had been married,
My torments had ended, though I had miſcarried,
If I had been warned, then would I have tarried;
But now all too lately I feel and cry,
That wedding and hanging is deſtiny.

He wrote alſo two Comedies, *The Tryal of Chivalry*, and *The longer thou liveſt, the more Fool thou art.*

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Nicholas Breton, a writer of Paſtoral Sonnets, Canzons, and Madrigals, in which kind of writing he keeps company with ſeveral other contemporary Emulators of *Spencer* and Sir *Philip Sidney*, in a publiſh'd Collection of ſeveral Odes of the chief Sonneters of that Age. He wrote alſo ſeveral other Books, whereof two I have by me, *Wits Private Wealth*, and another called *The Courtier and the Country-man*, in which laſt, ſpeaking of *Vertue*, he hath theſe Verſes:

There is a Secret few do know,
And doth in ſpecial places grow,
A rich mans praiſe, a poor mans wealth,
A weak mans ſtrength, a ſick mans health,
A Ladies beauty, a Lords bliſs,
A matchleſs Jewel where it is;
And makes, where it is truly ſeen,
A gracious King, and glorious Queen.

THOMAS KID, THOMAS WATSON, &c.

THomas Kid, a writer that ſeems to have been of pretty good eſteem for verſifying in former times, being quoted among ſome of the more fam'd Poets, as *Spencer*, *Drayton*, *Daniel*, *Lodge*, &c. with whom he was either contemporary, or not much later: There is particularly remembred his Tragedy, *Cornelia*.

There alſo flouriſh'd about the ſame time *Thomas Watſon*, a contemporary immitater of Sir *Philip Sidney*, as alſo *Tho. Hudſon*, *Joh. Markham*, *Tho. Achelly*, *Joh. Weever*, *Ch. Middleton*, *Geo. Turbervile*, *Hen. Conſtable*, with ſome others, eſpecially one *John Lane*, whoſe Works though much better meriting than many that are in print, yet notwithſtanding had the ill fate to be unpubliſh'd, but they are all ſtill reſerved in Manuſcript, namely, his *Poetical Viſion*, his *Alarm to the Poets*, his *Twelve Months*, his *Guy of Warwick*, a Heroick Poem; and laſtly, his Supplement to *Chaucer's Squires Tale*.

Sir *THO-*

Sir *THOMAS OVERBURY.*

Sir *Thomas Overbury*, a Knight and Wit, was Son to Sir *Nicholas Overbury* of *Burton* in *Gloceſter-ſhire*, one of the Judges of the Marches; who, to his natural propenſion of ingenuity, had the addition of good Education, being bred up firſt in *Oxford*, afterwards, for a while a Student of the Law in the *Middle Temple*; ſoon after he caſt Anchor at Court, the Haven of Hope for all aſpiring Spirits; afterwards travell'd into *France*, where having been ſome time, he returned again, and was entertained into the reſpects of Sir *Rob. Carre*, one who was newly initiated a Favourite to King *James*; where, by his wiſe carriage, he purchaſed to himſelf not only the good affection and reſpect of Sir *Robert*, but alſo of divers other eminent perſons.

During his abode with Sir *Robert Carre*, he compoſed that excellent Poem of his, entituled, *A Wife*; which, for the excellency thereof, the Author of the Epiſtle to the Reader, prefixed before his Book, thus writes, *Had ſuch a Poem been extant among the ancient* Romans, *altho' they wanted our eaſie conſervation of Wit by Printing, they would have committed it to Braſs, leſt injurious time might deprive it of due eternity.* Nor was his Poem of *A Wife* not only done to the life, but alſo thoſe Characters which he wrote, to this day not out-witted by any

But to return from the Work to the Workman; Mr. *Overbury* is by the King knighted, and Sir *Rob. Carre* made a Viſcount, and ſuch a reciprocal Love paſs'd betwixt them, that it was queſtionable, whe-

ther the Viſcount were more in favour with King *James*, or Sir *Thomas Overbury* in the favour of the Viſcount? But what eſtate on earth is ſo firm, that is not changeable, or what friendſhip is ſo conſtant, that is not diſſolvable? Who would imagine this Viſcount ſhould be inſtrumental to his death, who had done him ſo faithful ſervice, and to whom he had emboſom'd his moſt ſecret thoughts? Yet ſo it was, for Sir *Thomas*, out of an unfeigned affection which he bare to the Viſcount, diſwaded him from a motion of a Marriage which was propounded betwixt him and the Lady *Francis Howard*, who was lately divorced from the Earl of *Eſſex*, as a Match neither for his credit here, nor comfort hereafter. This Counſel, though it proceeded from an unfeigned love in Sir *Thomas*, yet where Beauty commands, all diſcretion being ſequeſtred, created in the Viſcount a hatred towards him; and in the Counteſs the fury of a woman, a deſire of revenge, who perſwaded the Viſcount, *That it was not poſſible that ever ſhe ſhould endure thoſe injuries, or hope for any proſperity ſo long as he lived; That ſhe wondred how he could be ſo familiar, ſo much affected to his man* Overbury; *that without him he could do nothing, as it were making him his right hand, ſeeing he being newly grown into the Kings favour, and depending wholly upon his greatneſs, muſt expect to be clouded if not ruined, when his ſervant that knew his ſecrets ſhould come to preferment.* The Viſcount, apt enough of his own inclination to revenge, being thus further exaſperated by the Counteſs, they joyntly reſolve upon his death, and ſoon a fit opportunity came to their hands. He being by King *James* (and as it is thought by the Viſcount's Counſel) nominated to be ſent Embaſſador to the Emperor of *Ruſſia*, was by the ſaid Viſcount, whom

whom he especially trusted, persuaded to decline the employment, as no better than an *honourable Grave*; Better lie some days in the *Tower*, than more months in a worse Prison; a Ship by Sea, and a barbarous cold Country by Land. *You are now* (said he) *in credit at home, and have made tryal of the dangers of travel, why then should you hazard all upon uncertainties, being already in possession of that you can probably expect by these means*; promising him, that within a small time he would so work with the King, that he should have a good of opinion him. But he (saith Dr. *Fuller*) who willingly goes into a Prison out of hope to come easily out of it, may stay therein so long till he be too late convinced of his error.

And now having him in the place where they would, their next study to secure their revenge, was closely to make him away; which they concluded to be by poyson. To this end, they consult with one Mrs. *Turner* (the first inventer of that horrid Garb of yellow Ruffs and Cuffs, and in which Garb she was after hanged) she having acquaintance with one *James Franklin*, a man skilled for that purpose, agreed with him to provide that which should not kill presently, but cause one to languish away by degrees, a little and a little. Sir *Gervas Yelvis*, Lieutenant of the Tower, being drawn into the Conspiracy, admits one *Weston*, Mrs. *Turners* man, who under pretence of waiting upon Sir *Thomas*, was to act the horrid Tragedy. The Plot thus continued, *Franklin* buyes certain Poysons, *viz. Sosater*, *white Arsenick*, *Mercury sublimate*, *Cantharides*, red *Mercury*, with three or four other deadly Ingredients, which he delivered to *Weston*, with instructions how to use them. *Weston*, (an apt Scholar in the Devil's School) tempers

them in his Broth and Meat, increasing or diminishing their strength according as he saw him affected. Besides these, poyson'd Tarts & Jellies are sent him by the Viscount. Nay, they poysoned his very Salt, Sauce, Meat and Drink; but being of a very strong Constitution, he held out still: At last they effected their work by a poysoned Clyster which they administred unto him, so that the next day he died thereof; and because there were some Blisters and ugly Botches on his Body, the Conspirators gave it out he died of the *French Pox*.

Thus by the Malice of a Woman this worthy Knight was murdered, who yet still lives in that witty Poem of his, entituled, *a Wife*; as is well expressed by these Verses under his Picture.

A man's best Fortune, or his worst's a Wife:
Yet I that knew no Marriage, Peace, nor Strife,
Live by a good one, by a bad one lost my Life.

But God, who seldom suffers Murder to go unrevenged, revealed the same; for notwithstanding what the Conspirators had given out, Suspitions grew high that Sir *Thomas* was poysoned: Whereupon *Weston* is examined by the Lord *Cook*, who at first stifly denied the same; but being perswaded by the Bishop of *London*, he tells all: How Mrs. *Turner* and the Countess came acquainted; what relation she had to Witches, Sorcerers and Conjurers; and discovers all those who had any hand in it: whereupon they were all apprehended; some sent to the *Tower*, others to *Newgate*. Having thus confessed, being convicted according to course of Law, he was hanged at *Tyburn*; after him Mrs. *Turner*; after her *Franklin*, then Sir *Ger-*

vas

vas Velvis, upon their ſeveral Arraignments, were found guilty, and executed. Some of them died very penitent: The Earl and his Counteſs were both condemned, but through the King's gracious Pardon had their Lives ſaved, but were never admitted to the Favour of the Court.

We ſhall conclude all with this his Epitaph written by himſelf.

The ſpan of my days meaſur'd, here I reſt,
That is, my Body; but my Soul, his Gueſt,
Is hence aſcended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can clime;
Where being now enlightned, ſhe doth know
The Truth of all men argue of below:
Only this Duſt doth here in pawn remain,
That, when the world diſſolves, ſhe come again

Mr. *MICHAEL DRAYTON.*

MR. *Drayton*, one who had drunk as deep a Draught at *Helicon* as any in his time, was born at *Athelſton* in *Warwickſhire*, as appeareth in his Poetical Addreſs thereunto, *Poly-Olbion*, Song 13. p. 213.

(haſt bred,
My native Country then, which ſo brave Spirits
If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou breath'ſt into my Birth,
Accept it as thine own whilſt uow I ſing of thee,
Of all thy latter Brood th'unworthieſt tho' I be.

He

He was in his time for fame and renown in Poetry, not much inferior, if not equal to Mr. *Spencer*, or Sir *Philip Sidney* himſelf. Take a taſte of the ſprightfulneſs of his Muſe, out of his *Poly-Olbion*, ſpeaking of his native County *Warwickſhire*.

Upon the Mid-lands now th'induſtrious Muſe doth fall,
That Shire which we the Heart of *England* well may call,
As ſhe herſelf extends (the midſt which is *Deweed*)
betwixt St. *Michael's Mount* and *Barwick*-bordering *Tweed*,
Brave *Warwick* that abroad ſo long advanc'd her *Bear*,
By her illuſtrious Earls renowned every where,
Above her neighbouring Shires which always bore her Head.

Alſo in the Beginning of his *Poly-Olbion* he thus writes;

(write,
Of *Albions* glorious Iſle the wonders whilſt I
The ſundry varying Soyls, the Pleaſures infinite,
Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expells the heat,
The calms too mildly ſmall, nor winds too roughly great.
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong;
The ſummer not too ſhort, the winter not too long:
What help ſhall I invoke to aid my Muſe the while? *&c.*

However,

However, in the eſteem of the more curious of theſe times, his Works ſeem to be antiquated, eſpecially this of his *Poly-Olbion*, becauſe of the old-faſhion'd kind of Verſe thereof, which ſeems ſomewhat to diminiſh that reſpect which was formerly paid to the Subject, although indeed both pleaſant and elaborate, wherein he took a great deal both of ſtudy and pains; and thereupon thought worthy to be commented upon by that once walking Library of our Nation, Mr. *John Selden*: His *Barons Wars* are done to the Life, equal to any of that Subject. His *Engliſh Heroical Epiſtles* generally liked and received, entituling him unto the appellation of the *Engliſh Ovid*. His Legends of *Robert* Duke of *Normandy*. *Matilda*, *Pierce Gaveſton*, and *Thomas Cromwel*, all of them done to the Life. His *Idea* expreſſes much Fancy and Poetry. And to ſuch as love that Poetry, that of *Nymphs* and *Shepherds*, his *Nymphals*, and other things of that nature, cannot be unpleaſant.

To conclude, He was a Poet of a pious temper, his Conſcience having always the command of his Fancy; very temperate in his Life, ſlow of ſpeech, and inoffenſive in company. He changed his Lawrel for a Crown of Glory, *Anno* 1631. and was buried in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, near the South-door, by thoſe two eminent Poets, *Geoffry Chaucer* and *Edmond Spencer*, with this Epitaph made (as it is ſaid) by Mr. *Benjamin Johnſon*.

Do, pious Marble, let thy Readers know
What they, and what their Children ow
To Drayton's *Name, whoſe ſacred Duſt*
We recommend unto thy Truſt

Protect

Protect his Memory, and preſerve his Story,
Remain a laſting Monument of his Glory:
And when thy Ruines ſhall diſclaim
To be the Treaſurer of his Name,
His Name that cannot fade ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to thee.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Joſhua Sylveſter, a very eminent Tranſlator of his time, eſpecially of the Divine *Du Bartus*, whoſe ſix days work of Creation, gain'd him an immortal Fame, having had many great Admirers even to theſe days, being uſher'd into the world by the chiefeſt Wits of that Age; amongſt others, the moſt accompliſht Mr. *Benjamin Johnſon* thus wrote of him.

If to admire, were to commend my Praiſe
might then both thee, thy work and merit raiſe;
But, as it is (the Child of Ignorance
And utter ſtranger to all Ayr of *France*)
How can I ſpeak of thy great pains, but err;
Since they can only judge that can confer?
Behold! the reverend ſhade of *Bartus* ſtands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the world I publiſh, for him, this:
Bartus doth wiſh thy Engliſh *now were his*,
So well in that are his Inventions wrought,
As his will now be the *Tranſlation* thought,
Thine the Original; and *France* ſhall boaſt
No more thoſe Maiden-Glories ſhe hath loſt.

He

He hath alſo tranſlated ſeveral other Works of *Du Bartus*; namely, *Eden*, the *Deceipt*, the *Furies*, the *Handicrafts*, the *Ark*, *Babylon*, the *Colonies*, the *Columns*, the *Fathers*, *Jonas*, *Urania*, *Triumph of Faith*, *Miracle of Peace*, the *Vocation*, the *Fathers*, the *Daw*, the *Captains*, the *Trophies*, the *Magnificence*, &c. Alſo a Paradox of *Odes de la Nove*, Baron of *Teligni*, with the Quadrains of *Pibeac*; all which Tranſlations were generally well received: but for his own Works which were bound up with them, they received not ſo general an approbation; as you may perceive by theſe Verſes;

We know thou doſt well
As a Tranſlator,
But where things require
A Genius and a Fire,
Not kindled before by others pains,
As often thou haſt wanted Brains.

Mr. *SAMUEL DANIEL.*

MR. *Daniel* was born nigh to the Town of *Taunton* in *Somerſetſhire*; his Father was a Maſter of Muſick, and his harmonious Mind (ſaith Dr. *Fuller*) made an impreſſion in his Son's Genius, who proved to be one of the Darlings of the Muſes, a moſt excellent Poet, whoſe Wings of Fancy diſplayed the Flags of higheſt Invention: Carrying in his *Chriſtian* and *Sirname* the Names of two holy Prophets; which, as they were Monitors to him, for avoyding Scurrility, ſo he qualified his Raptures to ſuch a ſtrain, as therein he abhorred all Debauchery and Prophaneneſs. Nor

Nor was he only one of the inſpired Train of *Phœbus*, but alſo a moſt judicious Hiſtorian, witneſs his Lives of our *Engliſh* Kings ſince the Conqueſt, until King *Edward* the Third, wherein he hath the happineſs to reconcile brevity with clearneſs, qualities of great diſtance in other Authors; and had he continued to theſe times, no doubt it had been a Work incomparable: Of which his Undertaking, Dr. *Heylin* in the Preface to his *Coſmography*, gives this Character, ſpeaking of the chiefeſt Hiſtorians of this Nation; *And to end the Bed-roll* (ſays he) *half the Story of this Realm done by Mr.* Daniel, *of which I believe that which himſelf ſaith of it in his Epiſtle to the Reader, that there was never brought together more of the Main.* Which Work is ſince commendably continued (but not with equal quickneſs and judgment) by Mr. *Truſſel.*

As for his Poems ſo univerſally received, the firſt in eſteem is, that Heroical one of the Civil Wars between the two Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*; of which the elaborate Mr. *Speed*, in his Reign of *Richard* the Second, thus writes: *The Seeds* (ſaith he) *of thoſe fearful Calamities, a flouriſhing Writer of our Age* (ſpeaking of Mr. *Daniel*) *willing nearly to have imitated* Lucan, *as he is indeed called our* Engliſh Lucan, *doth not unfortunately expreſs, tho' he might rather have ſaid he wept them, than ſung them; but indeed ſo to ſing them, is to weep them.*

I ſing the Civil Wars, tumultuous Broils
And bloody Factions of a mighty Land,
Whoſe people haughty, proud with foreign ſpoyls;
Upon their ſelves turn back their conquering (hand
While

While Kin their Kin, Brother the Brother foils,
Like Enſigns, all againſt like Enſigns ſtand:
Bows againſt Bows, a Crown againſt a Crown,
While all pretending right, all right throw down

Take one Taſte more of his Poetry, in his ſixth Book of that Heroical Poem, ſpeaking of the Miſeries of Civil War.

So wretched is this execrable War,
This civil Sword, wherein though all we ſee
be foul, and all things miſerable are,
Yet moſt of all is even the Victory;
Which is, not only the extream Ruiner
of others, but her own Calamity;
Where who obtains, cannot what he would do:
Their power hath part that holp him thereunto.

Next, take notice of his *Muſophilus*, or general Defence of Learning, Dedicated to Sir *Fulk Greuil*; his Letter of *Octovia* to *Marcus Antonius*, his Complaint of *Roſamond*, his *Panegyrick*, *Delia*, *&c.* Beſides his *Dramatick* Pieces; as his Tragedy of *Philotus* and *Cleopatra*; *Hymens Triumph*, and the *Queens Arcadia*, a Paſtoral; being all of them of ſuch worth, that they were well accepted by the choiceſt Judgments of thoſe Times, and do yet remain in good eſteem, as by their often Impreſſions may appear.

This our Poet's deſerts preferr'd him to be a Servant in ordinary to Queen *Anne*, the moſt illuſtrious wife of King *James* I. who allowed him a fair Salary, ſuch as enabled him to keep a handſom Gardenhouſe in *Old-ſtreet* nigh *London*, where he would commonly lie obſcure ſometimes two Months together,

gether, the better to enjoy that great Felicity he aimed at, by enjoying the company of the *Muſes*, and then would appear in publick, to recreate himſelf, and converſe with his Friends; of whom the moſt endeared were the Learned Doctor *Cowel*, and Judicious Mr. *Cambden*.

And now being weary of the Troubles of the City and Court, he retired into the Country, and turn'd Husbandman, Renting a Farm or Grange in *Wiltſhire*, nigh the *Devizes*; not ſo much, as it is thought, for the hope of gains, as to enjoy the retiredneſs of a Country Life: How he thrived upon it, I cannot inform my ſelf, much leſs my Readers, although no queſtion pleaſing himſelf therein, he attained to that Riches he ſought for, *viz.* Quiet and Contentedneſs; which whoſo enjoys, reapeth the benefit of his labours. He left no Iſſue behind him but thoſe of his Brain, though living a good ſpace of time with *Juſtina* his wife: For his Eſtate, he had neither a *Bank* of Wealth, nor *Lank* of Want; but living in a competent contented condition, and died (as it is conjectured) about the latter end of King *James* I.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEorge Chapman was one in his time much famed for the Fluency of his Muſe; gaining a great repute for his Tranſlation of *Homer* and *Heſiod*, which in thoſe times paſſed as Works done without compare; and indeed conſidering he was one of the firſt who brake the Ice in the Tranſlation of ſuch learned Authors, reading the higheſt

Conceptions

conception of their Raptures into a neat polite *Engliſh*, as gave the true meaning of what they intended, and rendred it a ſtyle acceptable to the Reader; conſidering, I ſay, what Age he lived in, it was very well worthy praiſe; though ſince the Tranſlation of *Homer* is very far out-done by Mr. *Ogilby*. He alſo continued that excellent Poem of *Hero* and *Leander*, begun by *Chriſtopher Marlow*, and added very much to the Stage in thoſe times by his Dramatick Writings; as his *Blind Beggar* of *Alexandria*, *All Fools*, the *Gentleman Uſher*, *Humorous Days Mirth*, *May Day*, *Mounſieur D'Olive*, *Eaſtward ho*, *Two wiſe men*, *and all the reſt Fools*, *Widows Tears*, Comedies; *Buſſy D'Amboys*, *Byron's Tragedy*, *Buſſy D'Amboys Revenge*, *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, *Revenge for Honour*, Tragedies; the *Temple*, *Maſque of the Middle Temple* and *Lincolns-Inn*, Maſques; and *Byron's Conſpiracy*, a Hiſtory; in all ſeventeen.

ROBERT BARON.

OF this *Robert Baron*, we can recover nothing, ſave only thoſe Dramatick Pieces which he wrote to the Stage, and which no doubt paſſed with good applauſe in thoſe times. Of theſe are remembred his *Don Quixot*, or *the Knight of the Ill-favoured Countenance*, a Comedy; *Gripus* and *Hegia*, a Paſtoral; *Deorum Dona*, *Dick Scorner*, *Deſtruction of Jeruſalem*, *the Marriage of Wit and Science*, Maſques and Interludes; and *Myrza*, a Tragedy.

LODOVIC CARLISLE.

TO Mr. *Robert Baron* we may add *Lodovic Carliſle*, as much about the ſame time, and of like equal eſteem; having written ſome not yet totally forgotten Plays, *viz. Arviragus* and *Felicia*, in two parts; *the deſerving Favorite*, *the Fool would be a Favorite*, or *the deſerving Lover*, Tragi-Comedies; *Marius* and *Scylla*, and *Oſmond the Great Turk*, or *the Noble Servant*, Tragedies; all which ſhew him (though not a Maſter) yet a great Retainer to the Muſes.

JOHN FORD.

TO theſe we may add *John Ford*, a Dramatick Writer likewiſe of thoſe times; very beneficial to the *Red-Bull* and *Fortune*-Play-houſes; as may appear by theſe Plays which he wrote, *viz. The Fancies*, *Ladies Tryal*, Comedies; *the broken Heart*, *Lovers Melancholy*, *Loves Sacrifice*, *'tis pity ſhe's a Whore*, Tragedies; *Perkin Warbeck*, a Hiſtory; and an Aſſociate with *Rowley* and *Decker* in a Tragi-Comedy called *The Witch* of *Edmonton*.

ANTHONY BREWER.

Anthony Brewer was alſo one who in his time contributed very much towards the *Engliſh* Stage by his Dramatick Writings; eſpecially in that noted one of his, entituled, *Lingua*; which (as

as it is reported) being once acted in *Cambridge*, the late Usurper *Cromwel* had therein the Part of *Tullus*, the Substance of the Play being a Contention among the Senses for a Crown, which *Lingua*, who would have made up a sixth Sense, had laid for them to find; having this Inscription;

Which of the five that doth deserve it best,
Shall have his Temples with this Coronet blest.

This Mock-contention for a Crown, is said to swell his Ambition so high, that afterwards he contended for it in earnest, heading such a notable Rebellion, as had almost ruined three flourishing Kingdoms.

But to return to Mr. *Brewer*; Besides this *Lingua*, he wrote *Loves Loadstone*, and *the Countrey-Girl*, Comedies; *the Love-sick King*, and *Landagartha*, Tragi-Comedies, and *Loves Dominion*, a Pastoral.

HENRY CLAPTHORN.

Henry Clapthorn was one well deserving of the *English*, being one of the chiefest Dramatick Writers of this Age; deservingly commendable not so much for the quantity as the quality of his Plays; being his *Hollander*, *Ladies Privilege*, and *Wit in a Constable*, Comedies; his *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, a Pastoral; and *Alberus Wallestein*, a Tragedy; in which Tragedy these Lines are much commended.

This Law the Heavens inviolably keep,
Their Justice well may slumber, but ne'er sleep.

JOHN DAVIS of *Hereford.*

IN the writing of this Mans Life, we ſhall make uſe of Dr. *Fuller* in his *England's Worthies*, who ſaith, that he was the greateſt Maſter of the Pen that *England* in his Age beheld; for,

1. *Faſt writing*; ſo incredible his expedition.
2. *Fair writing*; ſome minutes conſultation being required to decide whether his Lines were written or printed.
3. *Cloſe writing*; a Myſtery which to do well, few attain unto.
4. *Various writing*; *Secretary*, *Roman*, *Court* and *Text*.

The Poetical Fiction of *Briareus* the Giant, who had an hundred hands, found a Moral in him, who could ſo cunningly and copiouſly diſguiſe his aforeſaid elemental hands, that by mixing, he could make them appear an hundred; and if not ſo many ſorts, ſo many degrees of writing. He had alſo many pretty excurſions into Poetry, and could flouriſh Matters as well as Letters, with his Fancy as well as with his Pen. Take a taſte of his Abilities in theſe Verſes of his before *Coriat's Crudities*, being called the *Odcombian Banquet*, wherein the whole Club of Wits in that Age joyned together, to write Mock-commendatory Verſes in *Praiſe-diſpraiſe* of his Book.

If Art that oft the Learn'd hath ſtammer'd,
In one Iron Head-piece (yet no Hammer-Lead)
May (joyn'd with Nature) hit Fame on the Cocks-comb,
Then 'tis that Head-piece that is crown'd with Odcomb

For

For he, hard Head (*and* hard, *ſith like a* Whet-ſtone)
It gi es Wits *edge, and draws them too like* Jet-ſtone)
Is Caput Mundi *for a world of School-tricks,*
And is not ignorant in the learned'ſt – tricks
H'hath ſeen much more than much, I aſſure ye,
And will ſee New-Troy, Bethlem, *and* Old Jury.
Mean while (to give a taſte of his firſt travel,
With ſtreams of Rhetorick that get golden Gravel)
He tells how he to Venice *once did wander;*
From whence he came more witty than a Gander:
Whereby he makes relations of ſuch wonders,
That Truth *therein doth lighten, while* Art *thunders,*
All Tongues fled to him that at Babel *ſwerved,*
Leſt they for want of warm months might have ſtarved.
Where they do revel in ſuch paſſing meaſure,
(Eſpecially the Greek, *wherein's his pleaſure.)*
That (jovially) ſo Greek *he takes the guard of,*
That he's the merrieſt Greek *that ere was heard of;*
For he as 'twere his Mothers twittle twattle,
(That's Mother-tongue) the Greek *can prittle prattle.*
Nay, of that Tongue he ſo hath got the Body,
That he ſports with it at Ruffe, Gleek *or* Noddy, *&c.*

He died at *London* in the midſt of the Reign of King *James* I. and lieth buried in St. *Giles* in the Fields.

Doctor *JOHN DONNE.*

THis pleaſant Poet, painful Preacher, and pious Perſon, was born in *London*, of wealthy Parents, who took ſuch care of his Education, that at nine years of Age he was ſent to ſtudy at *Hart-Hall* in *Oxford*, having beſides the *Latine*

and *Greek*, attained to a knowledge in the *French* Tongue. Here he fell into acquaintance with that great Master of Language and Art, Sir *Henry Wootton*; betwixt whom was such Friendship contracted, that nothing but Death could force the separation.

From *Oxford* he was transplanted to *Cambridge*, where he much improved his Study, and from thence placed at *Lincolns Inn*, when his Father dying, and leaving him three thousand pound in ready Money; he having a youthful desire to travel, went over with the Earl of *Essex* to *Cales*; where having seen the issue of this Expedition, he left them and went into *Italy*, and from thence into *Spain*, where by his Industry he attained to a perfection in their Languages, and returned home with many useful Observations of those Countries, and their Laws and Government.

These his Abilities, upon his Return, preferred him to be Secretary to the Lord *Elsmore*, Keeper of the Great Seal; in whose Service he fell in Love with a young Gentlewoman who lived in that Family, Neece to the Lady *Elsmore*, and Daughter to Sir *George Moor*, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower, who greatly opposed this Match; yet notwithstanding they were privately married: which so exasperated Sir *George Moor*, that he procured the Lord *Elsmore* to discharge him of his Secretariship, and never left prosecuting him till he had cast him into Prison, as also his two Friends who had married him, and gave him his Wife in Marriage.

But Mr. *Donne* had not been long there before he found means to get out, as also enlargement for his two Friends, and soon after through the mediation of

of ſome able perſons, a reconciliation was made, and he receiving a Portion with his Wife, and having help of divers friends, they lived very comfortably together; And now was he frequently viſited by men of greateſt learning and judgment in this Kingdom; his company deſired by the Nobility, and extreamly affected by the Gentry: His friendſhip was ſought for of moſt foreign Embaſſadors, and his acquaintance entreated by many other ſtrangers, whoſe learning or employment occaſioned their ſtay in this *Kingdom*. In which ſtate of life he compoſed his *more brisk* and *youthful Poems*; in which he was ſo happy, as if Nature with all her varieties had been made to exerciſe his *great Wit* and *Fancy*; Nor did he leave it off in his *old age*, as is witneſſed by many of his *divine Sonnets*, and other *high*, *holy* and *harmonious Compoſures*, as under his *Effigies* in theſe following Verſes to his Printed Poems, one moſt ingeniouſly expreſſes.

This was for youth, ſtrength, mirth, and wit, the time
Moſt count their golden age, but times not thine:
Thine was thy later years, ſo much refin'd,
From youths droſs, mirth, and wit, as thy pure mind,
Thought, like the Angels, nothing but the praiſe
Of thy Creator in thoſe laſt beſt days.
Witneſs this Book, thy Emblem, which begins
With love, but ends with ſighs and tears for ſins.

At laſt, by King *James*'s his command, or rather earneſt perſuaſion, ſetting himſelf to the ſtudy of *Theology*, and into *holy Orders*, he was firſt made a Preacher of *Lincoln's-Inn*, afterwards advanc'd to be Dean of *Pauls*, and as of an eminent Poet he became a much more eminent Preacher, ſo he rather improved then relinquiſht his Poetical fancy, only con-

verting it from *humane and worldly* to *divine and heavenly Subjects*; witneſs this Hymn made in the time of his ſickneſs.

A Hymn to God the Father.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin where I begun,
Which was my ſin, tho' it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin through which I run,
And do run ſtill, tho' ſtill I do deplore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin which I have won
Others to ſin, and made my ſin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin, which I did ſhun
A year or two, but wallowed in a ſcore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

I have a ſin of fear, that when I have ſpun
My laſt thrid, I ſhall periſh on the ſhore;
But ſwear by thy ſelf, that at my death thy ſon
Shall ſhine as he ſhines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou haſt done,
I ask no more.

He died *March* 31. *Anno* 1631. and was buried in St. *Paul*'s-Church, attended by many perſons of Nobility and Eminency. After his burial, ſome mournful friends repaired, and as *Alexander* the great did to the Grave of the moſt famous *Achilles*, ſo they ſtrewed his with curious and coſtly flowers. Nor was this (tho' not uſual) all the honour done to his reverend aſhes; for ſome perſon (unknown) to perpetuate his memory, ſent to his Executors, Dr. *King*, and Dr. *Momford*, an 100 *Marks* towards the making of a *Monument* for him; which they faithfully performed, it being as lively a repreſentation as in dead

Marble

Marble could be made of him, tho' ſince by that mercileſs Fire in 1666. it be quite ruined.

I ſhall conclude all with theſe Verſes, made to the Memory of this reverend perſon.

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that lived ſo.
He muſt have wit to ſpare, and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.
He muſt have learning plenty, both the Laws
Civil and Common, to judge any Cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore above the reſt,
None of the worſt Edition, but the beſt:
He muſt have Language, Travel, all the Arts;
Judgment to uſe, or elſe he wants thy parts:
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do,
Such as *Mæcenas* and *Auguſtus* too;
He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſs, ſuch a death,
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath:
He muſt unto all good men be a friend,
And (like to thee) muſt make a pious end.

Dr. *RICHARD CORBET.*

THis reverend Doctor was born at *Ewel* in *Surrey*; a witty Poet in his youth, witneſs his *Iter Boreale*, and other *facetious Poems*, which were the effects of his juvenal fancy; He was alſo one of thoſe celebrated Wits, which with Mr. *Benjamin Johnſon*, Mr. *Whitaker*, Sir *Joh. Harrington*, Dr. *Donne*, Mr. *Drayton*, Mr. *Davis*, whom I mentioned before, and ſeveral others, wrote thoſe mock commendatory Verſes on *Coriats Crudities*; which, becauſe the Book is ſcarce,

ſcarce, and very few have ſeen it, I ſhall give you them as they are recited in the Book.

I do not wonder, *Coriat*, that thou haſt
Over the *Alps*, through *France*, and *Savoy* paſt,
Parcht on thy skin, and founder'd in thy feet,
Faint, thirſty, louſie, and didſt live to ſee't.
Tho' theſe are *Roman* ſufferings, and do ſhow
What Creatures back thou hadſt, could carry ſo;
All I admire is thy return, and how
Thy ſleender paſterns could thee bear, when now
Thy obſervations with thy brain ingendred,
Have ſtuft thy maſſy and voluminious head
With Mountains, Abbeys, Churches, Synagogues,
Preputial Offals, and *Dutch* Dialogues:
A burthen far more grievous than the weight
Of Wine or Sleep, more vexing then the freight
Of Fruit and Oyſters, which lade many a pate,
And ſend folks crying home from *Billings-gate*.
No more ſhall man with Mortar on his head
Set forward towards *Rome*: no, Thou art bred
A terror to all Footmen, and to Porters,
And all Lay-men that will turn *Jews* Exhorters,
To fly their conquer'd trade: Proud *England* then
Embrace this luggage, which the man of men
Hath landed here, and change thy Welladay
Into ſome home-ſpun welcome Roundelay.
Send of this ſtuff thy Territories thorough,
To *Ireland*, *Wales*, and *Scottiſh Edenborough*;
There let this Book be read and underſtood,
Where is no theme, nor writer half ſo good.

He from a Student in, became Dean of *Chriſt-Church*, then Biſhop of *Oxford*, being of a courteous carriage, and no deſtructive nature to any who offended him, counting himſelf plentifully repaired with

with a Jeſt upon him. He afterwards was advanced Biſhop of *Norwich*, where he died *Anno* 1635.

Mr. *BENJAMIN JOHNSON.*

THis *renowned Poet*, whoſe Fame ſurmounts all the Elogies which the moſt learned Pen can beſtow upon him, was born in the City of *Weſtminſter*, his Mother living there in *Harts-horn-lane*, near *Charing-croſs*, where ſhe married a *Bricklayer* for her ſecond Husband. He was firſt bred in a private School in St. *Martin*'s-Church, then in *Weſtminſter*-School, under the learned Mr. *Cambden*, as he himſelf intimates in one of his Epigrams.

Cambden, moſt reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in Arts, all that I know.
How nothings that, to whom my Country owes,
The great *renown* and *name* wherewith ſhe goes.

Under this *learned Schoolmaſter* he attained to a good degree of learning, and was ſtatutably admitted in St. *John*'s-Colledge in *Cambridge*, (as many years after incorporated a honorary Member of *Chriſt-Church* in *Oxford*) here he ſtaid but ſome ſmall time, for want of maintainance; for if there be no Oyl in the Lamp, it will ſoon be extinguiſh'd: And now, as if he had quite laid aſide all thoughts of the Univerſity, he betook himſelf to the Trade of his Father-in-law; And let not any be offended herewith, ſince it is more commendable to work in a lawful Calling, then having one not to uſe it. He was one who helped in the building of the new Structure of *Lincolns-Inn*, where, having a Trowel in his hand, he had a Book in his pocket, that as his work

work went forward, so his study went not backward.

But such *rare Parts* as he had could be no more hid, than the Sun in a serene day, some Gentlemen pitying such rare Endowments should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a Calling, did by their bounty manumise him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations. Indeed his Parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit wrought out by his own industry; yet were his Repartees for the most part very quick and smart, and which savour'd much of ingenuity, of which I shall give you two instances.

He having been drinking in an upper room, at the *Feathers*-Tavern in *Cheap side*, as he was coming down stairs, his foot slipping, he caught a fall, and tumbling against a door, beat it open into a room where some Gentlemen were drinking *Canary*; recovering his feet, he said, *Gentlemen, since I am so luckily fallen into your company, I will drink with you before I go.*

He used very much to frequent the *Half-Moon*-Tavern in *Aldersgate-street*, through which was a common *Thorough fare*; he coming late that way, one night, was denied passage, whereupon going through the *Sun*-Tavern a little after, he said,

Since that the Moon *was so unkind to make me go about,*
The Sun *henceforth shall take my Coin, the* Moon *shall go without.*

His constant humour was to sit silent in learned Company, and suck in (besides Wine) their several Humours into his observation; what was *Ore* in others, he was able to refine unto himself.

He was one, and the chief of them, in ushering forth the Book of *Coriats Crudities*, writing not only

only a Character of the Author, an explanation of his Frontiſpiece, but alſo an Acroſtick upon his Name, which for the ſutableneſs of it, (tho' we have written ſomething of others mock Verſes) we ſhall here inſert it.

T *ry and truſt* Roger, *was the word, but now*
H *oneſt* Tom Tell troth *puts down* Roger, How?
O *f travel he diſcourſeth ſo at large,*
M *arry he ſets it out at his own charge;*
A *nd therein (which is worth his valour too) (do.*
S *hews he dare more than* Paul's *Church-yard durſt*

C *ome forth thou bonny bouncing Book then, daughter*
O *f* Tom *of* Odcombe, *that odd jovial Author,*
R *ather his ſon I ſhould have call'd thee, why?*
Y *e thou wert born out of his travelling thigh,*
A *s well as from his brains, and claim'ſt thereby*
T *o be his* Bacchus *as his* Pallas: *he*
E *ver his Thigh.* Male *then, and his Brains* She.

He was paramount in the Dramatick part of Poetry, and taught the Stage an exact conformity to the Laws of Comedians, being accounted the moſt learned, judicious, and correct of them all; and the more to be admired for being ſo, for that neither the height of natural parts, for he was no *Shakeſpear*, nor the coſt of extraordinary education, but his own proper induſtry, and addiction to Books, advanced him to this perfection. He wrote fifty Plays in all, whereof fifteen Comedies, three Tragedies, the reſt Maſques and Entertainments. His Comedies were, *The Alchimiſt, Bartholomew Fair, Cynthia's Revels, Caſe is alter'd, The Devil is an Aſs, Every Man in his humour, every Man out of his humour, The Fox, Magnetick Lady, New Inn, Poetaſter, Staple of News,*

Sad

Sad Shepherd, *Silent Woman*, and *A Tale of a Tub*. His Tragedies were, *Cateline's Conspiracy*, *Mortimer's Fall*, and *Sejanus*. His Masques and Entertainments, too long here to write, were thirty and two, besides a Comedy of *East-ward, hoe?* in which he was partner with *Chapman*.

These his Plays were above the vulgar capacity, (which are onely tickled with down-right obscenity) and took not so well at the first *stroke*, as at the *rebound*, when beheld the second time, yea, they will endure reading, and that with due commendation, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our Nation. And although all his Plays may endure the test, yet in three of his Comedies, namely, *The Fox*, *Alchymist*, and *Silent Woman*, he may be compared in the judgment of the learned men, for *decorum*, *language* and *well-humouring* parts, as well with the chief of the ancient *Greek* and *Latine* Comedians, as the prime of modern *Italians*, who have been judged the best of *Europe* for a happy vein in Comedies; nor is his *Bartholomew-Fair* much short of them. As for his other Comedies, *Staple of News*, *Devil's an Ass*, and the rest, if they be not so sprightful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all that desire to be old, should excuse him therein; and therefore let the Name of *Ben Johnson* sheild them against whoever shall think fit to be severe in censure against them. Truth is, his Tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Cateline* seem to have in them more of an artificial and inflate, than of a pathetical and naturally Tragick height; yet do they every one of them far excel any of the *English* ones that were writ before him; so that he may be truly said to be the first reformer of the *English* Stage, as he himself more truly than modestly writes

in

in his commendatory Verſes of his Servants *Richard Broom*'s Comedy of the *Northern Laſs*.

Which you have juſtly gained from the Stage,
By obſervation of thoſe Comick Laws,
Which I, your Maſter, firſt did teach the Age.

In the reſt of his Poetry, (for he is not wholly Dramatick) as his *Underwoods*, *Epigrams*, &c. he is ſometimes bold and ſtrenuous, ſometimes Magiſterial, ſometimes lepid and full enough of conceit, and ſometimes a man as other men are.

It ſeems the iſſue of his brain was more lively and laſting than the iſſue of his body, having ſeveral Children, yet none living to ſurvive him; This he beſtowed as part as an Epitaph on his eldeſt Son, dying an Infant.

Reſt in ſoft peace, and ask'd, ſay, Here doth lye
Ben Johnſon his beſt piece of Poetry.

But tho' the immortal Memory ſtill lives of him in his learned Works, yet his Body, ſubject to mortality, left this life, *Anno* 1638. and was buried about the Belfrey in the Abbey-Church at *Weſtminſter*, having only upon a Pavement over his Grave, this written:

O Rare Ben Johnſon.

Yet were not the Poets then ſo dull and dry, but that many expreſſed their affection to his Memory in Elegies and Epitaphs; amongſt which this following may not be eſteemed the worſt.

The Muſes faireſt Light in no dark time,
The Wonder of a learned Age; the line
That none can paſs: the moſt proportion'd Wit
To Nature; the beſt Judge of what was fit:

The

The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt Pen:
The Voyce moſt eccho'd by conſenting men;
The Soul which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others; and which moſt requital made:
Tun'd to the higheſt Key of ancient *Rome*;
Returning all her Muſick with her own;
In whom with Nature, Study claim'd a part,
And yet who to himſelf ow'd all his Art;
Here lies *Ben Johnſon*, every Age will look
With ſorrow here, with Wonder on his Book.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT and *JOHN FLETCHER.*

THeſe two joyned together, made one of the happy *Triumvirate* (the other two being *Johnſon* and *Shakeſpear*) of the chief Dramatick Poets of our Nation, in the laſt foregoing Age; among whom there might be ſaid to be a ſymmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way: *Ben Johnſon* in his elaborate pains and knowledge of Authors, *Shakeſpear* in his pure vein of wit, and natural Poetick height; *Fletcher* in a Courtly Elegance and Gentile Familiarity of Style, and withal a Wit and Invention ſo overflowing, that the luxuriant Branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopt off by Mr. *Beaumont*; which two joyned together, like *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, (moſt happy when in conjunction) raiſed the *Engliſh* to equal the *Athenian* and *Roman* Theaters; *Beaumont* bringing the Ballaſt of Judgment, *Fletcher* the Sail of Phantaſie, but compounding a Poet to admiration.

Theſe two admirable Wits wrote in all two and fifty

fifty Plays, whereof three and forty were Comedies; namely, *Beggars Bush*, *Custom of the Country*, *Captain Coxcomb*, *Chances*, *Cupid's Revenge*, *Double Marriage*, *Elder Brother*, *Four Plays in one*, *Fair Maid of the Inn*, *Honest man's Fortune*, *Humorous Lieutenant*, *Island Princess*, *King and no King*, *Knight of the burning Pestle*, *Knight of* Malta, *Little* French *Lawyer*, *Loyal Subject*, *Laws of* Candy, *Lovers Progress*, *Loves Cure*, *Loves Pilgrimage*, *Mad Lover*, *Maid in the Mill*, *Monsieur* Thomas, *Nice Valour*, *Night-Walker*, *Propheteſs*, *Pilgrim*, *Philaster*, *Queen of* Corinth, *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, Spaniſh *Curate*, *Sea-Voyage*, *Scornful Lady*, *Womans Prize*, *Women pleaſed*, *Wife for a Month*, *Wit at ſeveral weapons*, and a *Winters Tale*. Alſo ſix Tragedies; *Bonduca*, the *Bloody Brother*, *Falſe One*, the *Maids Tragedy*, *Thiery and Theodoret*, *Valentinian*, and *Two Noble Kinſmen*, a Tragi-Comedy, *Fair Shepherdeſs*, a Paſtoral; and a *Maſque of* Grays-Inn *Gentlemen*.

It is reported of them, that meeting once in a Tavern, to contrive the rude Draught of a Tragedy, *Fletcher* undertook to *kill the King* therein, whoſe Words being over-heard by a Liſtner (though his Loyalty not to be blamed herein) he was accuſed of High Treaſon, till the Miſtake ſoon appearing, that the Plot was only againſt a Dramatick and Scenical King, all wound off in Merriment.

Yet were not theſe two Poets ſo conjoyned, but that each of them did ſeveral Pieces by themſelves, Mr. *Beaumont*, beſides other Works, wrote a Poem, entituled, *Salmacis* and *Hermaphroditus*, a Fable taken out of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*; and Mr. *Fletcher* ſurviving Mr. *Beamont*, wrote good Comedies of himſelf; ſo that it could not be laid to his Charge what *Ajax* doth to *Ulyſſes*;

Nihil hic Diomede *remoto*,

When *Diomedes* was gone,
He could do nought alone.

Though ſome think them inferior to the former, and no wonder if a ſingle thread was not ſo ſtrong as a twiſted one, Mr. *Fletcher* (as it is ſaid) died in *London* of the Plague, in the firſt year of King *Charles* the Firſt, 1625.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

THis eminent Poet, the Glory of the *Engliſh* Stage (and ſo much the more eminent, that he gained great applauſe and commendation, when able Wits were his Contemporaries) was born at *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickſhire*, and is the higheſt honour that Town can boaſt of. He was one of the *Triumvirate*, who from Actors, became Makers of Comedies and Tragedies, *viz.* *Chriſtopher Marlow* before him, and Mr. *John Lacy*, ſince his time, and one in whom three eminent Poets may ſeem in ſome ſort to be compounded. 1. *Martial*, in the warlike ſound of his Sirname, *Haſtivibrans*, or *Shak-ſpear*; whence ſome have ſuppoſed him of military extraction. 2. *Ovid*, the moſt natural and witty of all Poets; and hence it was that Queen *Elizabeth* coming into a Grammar-School, made this extemporary Verſe.

Perſius a Crab-ſtaff, Bawdy *Martial*, *Ovid* a fine Wag.

3. *Plautus*, a moſt exact Comedian, and yet never any Scholar, as our *Shakſpear* (if alive) would confeſs

confeſs himſelf; but by keeping company with Learned perſons, and converſing with jocular Wits, whereto he was naturally inclin'd, he became ſo famouſly witty, or wittily famous, that by his own induſtry, without the help of Learning, he attained to an extraordinary height in all ſtrains of Dramatick Poetry, eſpecially in the Comick part, wherein we may ſay he outwent himſelf; yet was he not ſo much given to Feſtivity, but that he could (when ſo diſpoſed) be ſolemn and ſerious; ſo that *Heraclitus* himſelf might afford to ſmile at his Comedies, they were ſo merry, and *Democritus* ſcarce forbear to ſigh at his Tragedies, they were ſo mournful.

Nor were his Studies altogether confined to the Stage, but had excurſions into other kinds of Poetry, witneſs his Poem of the *Rape of Lucrece*, and that of *Venus and Adonis*; wherein, to give you a taſte of the loftineſs of his Style, we ſhall inſert ſome few Lines of the beginning of the latter.

Even as the Sun with purple-colour'd face
Had tane his laſt leave of the weeping Morn,
Roſe-cheek'd *Adonis* hy'd him to the Chaſe,
Hunting he lov'd, but Love he laught to ſcorn.
Sick thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd Suiter 'gins to woo him.

Thrive fairer than my ſelf (thus ſhe begins)
The fields chief flower, ſweet above compare,
Stain to all Nymphs, more lovely than a man;
More white and red than Doves or Roſes are:
Nature that made thee with herſelf at ſtrife,
Says that the world hath ending with thy life, &c.

He was an eminent inſtance of the truth of that Rule, *Poeta non fit, ſed naſcitur*; one is not made,

but born a Poet; ſo that as *Corniſh Diamonds* are not poliſhed by any Lapidary, but are pointed and ſmoothed even as they are taken out of the Earth, ſo Nature itſelf was all the Art which was uſed on him.

He was ſo great a Benefactor to the Stage, that he wrote of himſelf eight and forty Plays; whereof 18 Comedies, *viz. As you like it, All's well that ends well, A Comedy of Errors, Gentleman of* Verona, *Loves labour loſt*, London *Prodigal, Merry Wives of* Windſor, *Meaſure for meaſure, Much ado about Nothing, Midſummer Nights Dream, Merchant of* Venice, *Merry Devil of* Edmonton, *Mucedorus, the Puritan Widow, the Tempeſt, Twelf-Night*, or *what you will, the taming of the Shrew*, and *a winters Tale*. Fourteen Tragedies, *viz. Anthony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Cymbeline, Hamlet, Julius Caſar, Lorrino, Leir and his three Daughters, Mackbeth, Othello the Moor of* Venice, *Romeo and Juliet, Troylus and Creſſida, Tymon of* Athens, *Titus Andronicus*, and *the Yorkſhire Tragedy*. Alſo fifteen Hiſtories, *viz.* Cromwel's *Hiſtory, Henry* 4. in two parts, *Henry* 5. *Henry* 6. in three parts, *Henry* 8. *John King of* England, in three parts, *Pericles Prince of* Tyre, *Richard* 2. *Richard* 3. and *Oldraſtes Life and Death*. Alſo *the Arraignment of Paris*, a Paſtoral.

Many were the Wit-combats betwixt him and *Ben Johnſon*; which two we may compare to a *Spaniſh great Gallion*, and an *Engliſh Man of war*: Mr. *Johnſon*, (like the former) was built far higher in Learning, ſolid, but ſlow in his performances; *Shakeſpear*, with the *Engliſh Man of war*, leſſer in Bulk, but lighter in ſayling, could turn with all Tides, tack about, and take advantage of all Winds, by the

the quickneſs of his Wit and Invention. His Hiſtory of *Henry* the Fourth is very much commended by ſome, as being full of ſublime Wit, and as much condemned by others, for making Sir *John Falſtaffe* the property of Pleaſure for Prince *Henry* to abuſe, as one that was a *Thraſonical Puff*, and emblem of mock Valour; though indeed he was a man of Arms every inch of him, and as valiant as any in Age, being for his Martial Proweſs made Knight of the Garter by King *Henry* the 6th.

This our famous Comedian died *An. Dom.* 16--- and was buried at *Stratford* upon *Avon*, the Town of his Nativity; upon whom one hath beſtowed this Epitaph, though more proper had he been buried in *VVeſtminſter Abbey*.

Renowned *Spencer*, lie a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lie
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make room
For *Shakeſpear*, in your threefold, fourfold Tomb,
To lodge all four in one Bed make a ſhift
Until Doomſday; for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be ſlain
For whom your Curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in Death do bar
A fourth place in your ſacred Sepulcher,
Under this ſacred Marble of thine own,
Sleep rare Tragedian *Shakeſpear!* ſleep alone,
Thy unmoleſted Peace in an unſhar'd Cave,
Poſſeſs as Lord, not Tenant of thy Grave,
That unto us, and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

CHriſtopher *Marlow* was (as we ſaid) not only contemporary with *William Shakeſpear*, but alſo, like him, roſe from an Actor, to be a maker of Comedies and Tragedies, yet was he much inferior to *Shakeſpear*, not only in the number of his Plays, but alſo in the elegancy of his Style. His Pen was chiefly employ'd in Tragedies; namely, his *Tamberlain* the firſt and ſecond Part, *Edward* the Second, *Luſt's Dominion*, or *the Laſcivious Queen*, the *Maſſacre of* Paris, his *Jew of* Malta, a Tragi-comedy, and his Tragedy of *Dido*, in which he was joyned with *Naſh*. But none made ſuch a great Noiſe as his Comedy of *Doctor Fauſtus* with his Devils, and ſuch like tragical Sport, which pleaſed much the humors of the Vulgar. He alſo begun a Poem of *Hero* and *Leander*; wherein he ſeemed to have a reſemblance of that clear and unſophiſticated Wit which was natural to *Muſæus* that incomparable Poet. This Poem being left unfiniſhed by *Marlow*, who in ſome riotous Fray came to an untimely and violent end, was thought worthy of the finiſhing hand of *Chapman*, as we intimated before; in the performance whereof, nevertheleſs he fell ſhort of the Spirit and Invention with which it was begun.

BARTON HOLYDAY.

BArton *Holyday*, an old Student of *Chriſt-Church* in *Oxford*, who beſides his Tranſlation

on of *Juvenal* with elaborate Notes, writ several other things in *English* Verſe, rather learned than elegant; and particularly a Comedy, called *The Marriage of the Arts*: Out of which, to ſhew you his fluent (but too Satyrical Style) take theſe Verſes made by him to be ſpoken by *Poeta*, as an Execration againſt Women.

O Women, Witches, Fayries, Devils,
The impure extract of a world of Evils;
Natures great Errour, the Obliquity
Of the Gods Wiſdom; and th'Anomaly
From all that's good; Ile curſe you all below
The Center, and if I could, then further throw
Your curſed heads, and if any ſhould gain
A place in Heaven, Ile rhyme 'em down again
To a worſe Ruine, &c.

CYRIL TURNER.

Cyril Turner was one who got a Name amongſt the Poets, by writing of two old Tragedies, the *Athei'ſts Tragedy*, and the *Revenger's Tragedy*; which two Tragedies, ſaith one,

His Fame unto that Pitch ſo only raiſed,
As not to be deſpis'd, nor too much prais'd.

THOMAS MIDLETON.

Thomas Midleton was one who by his Induſtry added very much to the *Engliſh* Stage, being a copious Writer of Dramatick Poetry. He was Contemporary with *Johnſon* and *Fletcher*, and tho'

not of equal Repute with them, yet were well accepted of those times such Plays as he wrote; namely, *Blurt Mr. Constable*, *the chaste Maid in* Cheapside, *Your fine Gallants*, *Family of Love*, *More Dissemblers than Women*, the *Game at Chess*, the *Mayor of* Quinborough, *a mad world my Masters*, *Michaelmas Term*, *No Wit like a womans*, the *Roaring Girl*, *any thing for a quiet Life*, the *Phenix* and *a new Trick to catch the old one*, Comedies; *The world tost'd at Tennis*, and *the Inner Temple*, Masques; and *Women beware Women*, a Tragedy. Besides what, he was an Associate with *William Rowley* in several Comedies and Tragi-Comedies; as, *the Spanish Gypsies*, *the Changling*, *the Old Law*, *the fair Quarrel*, *the Widow*: Of all which, his *Michaelmas-Term* is highly applauded both for the plot and neatness of the style.

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

William Rowley was likewise a great Benefactor to the *English* Stage, not only in those Plays mentioned before with *Thomas Midleton*, but also what he wrote alone; as, *A Woman never vext*, a Comedy; *A Match at Midnight*, and *All's lost by Lust*, Tragedies; and joyn'd with *Webster*, two Comedies, *The Thracian wonder*, and *A Cure for a Cuckold*; with *Shakespere*, *The Birth of* Merlin, a Tragi-Comedy; and *The Travels of the three* English *Brothers*, a History, wherein he was joyn'd with *Day* and *Wilkins*.

THOMAS

THOMAS DECKER.

THomas *Decker*, a great pains taker in the Dramatick ſtrain, and as highly conceited of thoſe pains he took; a high-flyer in wit, even againſt *Ben Johnſon* himſelf, in his Comedy, call'd, *The untruſſing of the humorous Poet.* Beſides which he wrote alſo, *The Honeſt Whore*, in two Parts; *Fortunatus*; *If this ben't a good Play the Devil's in't*; *Match me in* London; *The Wonder of a Kingdom*; *The Whore of* Babylon, all of them Comedies. He was alſo an aſſociate with *John Webſter* in ſeveral well entertain'd Plays, *viz. Northward, hoe? The Noble Stranger*; *New trick to cheat the Devil*; *Weſtward, hoe? The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*; And *A Woman will have her will:* As alſo with *Rowley* and *Ford* in *the Witch of Edmunton*, a Tragi-Comedy; And alſo *Wiat's Hiſtory* with *Webſter.*

JOHN MARSTON.

JOhn *Marſton* was one whoſe fluent Pen both in a Comick and Tragick ſtrain, made him to be eſteemed one of the chiefeſt of our *Engliſh* Dramaticks, both for ſolid judgment, and pleaſing variety. His Comedies are, *the Dutch Curtezan*; *the Fawn*; *What you will.* His Tragedies, *Antonio and Melida*; *Sophonisba*; *the inſatiate Counteſs:* Beſides *the Malecontent*, a Tragi-Comedy; and *the faithful Shepherd*, a Paſtoral.

Dr. *J A-*

Dr. *JASPER MAIN.*

HE was in his youth placed a Student of *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*, a Nursery of many and excellent good wits, where he lived for many years in much credit and reputation for his florid wit and ingenious vein in Poetry, which diffused itself in all the veins and sinews thereof; making it (according to its right use) an Handmaid to Theology. In his younger years he wrote two very ingenious and well approved Comedies, *viz.* the *City Match*, and the *Amorous War*, both which, in my judgment, comparable to the best written ones of that time; Nor did he after his application to Theology, of which he was Doctor, and his Ecclesiastical preferment, totally relinquish those politer Studies to which he was before addicted, publishing *Lucian*'s Works, of his own translating, into *English*, besides many other things of his composing, not yet publish'd.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

MR. *James Shirley* may justly claim a more than ordinary place amongst our *English* Poets, especially for his Dramatick Poetry, being the fourth for number who hath written most Plays, and for goodness little inferiour to the best of them all. His Comedies, in number twenty two, are these; *The Ball*, *the Bird in a Cage*, *the Brothers*, *Love in a Maze*

a Maze, the *Conſtant Maid*, *Coronation*, *Court Secret*, the *Example*, the *Gameſter*, *Grateful Servant*, *Hide-Park*, *Humorous Courtier*, *Honoria and Mammon*, *Opportunity*, the *Lady of Pleaſure*, the *Politician*, the *Royal Maſter*, the *School of Complements*, the *Siſters*, the *witty fair one*, the *Wedding*, and the *young Admiral*: His Tragedies ſix, *viz.* *Chabot Admiral of France*, the *Cardinal*, *Loves Cruelty*, the *Maids Revenge*, the *Traytor*, and the *martyr'd Soldier*. Four Tragi-Comedies, *viz.* *Dukes Miſtreſs*, the *Doubtful Heir*, the *Gentleman of Venice*, and the *Impoſture*, four Maſques, *Cupid and Death*, *Contention of Honour and Riches*, the *Triumph of Peace*, and the *Triumph of Beauty*; *Patrick for Ireland*, a Hiſtory; and the *Arcadia*, a *Paſtoral*.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Philip Maſſinger was likewiſe one who in his time was no mean contributer unto the Stage, wherein he ſo far excell'd as made his Name ſufficiently famous, there being no leſs than ſixteen of his Plays printed, *viz.* *The Bondman*, the *baſhful Lover*, the *City Madam*, the *Emperour of the East*, the *Great Duke of Florence*, the *Guardian*, *Maid of Honour*, *New Way to pay Old Debts*, the *Picture*, the *Renegado*, and the *merry Woman*, Comedies: *The Duke of Millain*, *Fatal Dowry*, *Roman Actor*, *Unnatural Combat*, and the *Virgin Martyr*, Tragedies.

JOHN

JOHN WEBSTER.

John Webſter was alſo one of thoſe who in that plentiful age of Dramatick Writers contributed his endeavours to the Stage; being (as we ſaid before) aſſociated with *Thomas Decker*, in ſeveral Plays, which paſs'd the Stage with ſufficient applauſe, as alſo in two Comedies with *William Rowley*; beſides what he wrote alone, *the Devil's Law-Caſe*, a Tragi Comedy, and *the white Devil*, and *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, Tragedies.

WILLIAM BROWN.

MR. *William Brown* was a Gentleman (as I take it) of the *Middle Temple*, who beſides his other ingenious Employments, had his excurſions to thoſe ſweet delights of Poetry, writing a moſt ingenious Piece, entituled, *Britain's Paſtorals*, it being for a Subject of an amorous and rural Nature, worthily deſerving commendations, as any one will confeſs who ſhall peruſe it with an impartial eye. Take a view of his abilities, out of his Second Book, firſt Song of his Paſtorals, ſpeaking of a deform'd Woman.

And is not ſhe the Queen of Drabs,
Whoſe Head is perriwigg'd with ſcabs?
Whoſe Hair hangs down in curious flakes,
All curl'd and criſp'd, like crawling Snakes;

The

The Breath of whoſe perfumed Locks
Might choke the Devil with a Pox;
Whoſe dainty twinings did entice
The whole monopoly of Lice;
Her Forehead next is to be found,
Reſembling much the new-plough'd ground,
Furrow'd like ſtairs, whoſe windings led
Unto the chimney of her head;
The next thing that my Muſe deſcries,
Is the two Mill-pits of her Eyes,
Mill-pits whoſe depth no plum can ſound,
For there the God of Love was drown'd,
On either ſide there hangs a Souſe,
And Ear I mean keeps open houſe,
An Ear which always there did dwell,
And ſo the Head kept ſentinel,
Which there was placed to deſcry,
If any danger there was nigh,
But ſurely danger there was bred
Which made them ſo keep off the head;
Something for certain caus'd their fears,
Which made them ſo to hang their ears;
But hang her ears; *Thalia* ſeeks
To ſuck the bottle of her cheeks, *&c.*

THOMAS

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THis Famous Poet was born at *Houghton* in *Northampton-ſhire*, and was firſt bred in *Weſtminſter School*, then Fellow in *Trinity-Colledge* in *Cambridge*; He was one of ſuch a pregnant Wit, that the Muſes may ſeem not only to have ſmiled, but to have been tickled at his Nativity, ſuch the feſtivity of his Poems of all ſorts. Yet was he alſo ſententiouſly grave, as may appe r by many of his Writings, not only in his *Neceſſary Precepts*, but alſo in ſeveral other of his Poems; take one inſtance in the concluſion of his Commendatory Verſes to Mr. *Feltham*, on his excellent Book of *Reſolves*.

'Mongſt thy Reſolves, put my Reſolves in too;
Reſolve who will, this I reſolve to do,
That ſhould my Errors chuſe anothers line
Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine.

His extraordinary indulgence to the too liberal converſe with the multitude of his applauders, drew him to ſuch an immoderate way of living, that he was ſeldom out of Gentlemens company, and as it often happens that in drinking high quarrels ariſe, ſo there chanced ſome words to paſs betwixt Mr. *Randolph* and another Gentleman, which grew to be ſo high, that the Gentleman drawing his Sword, and ſtriking at Mr. *Randolph*, cut off his little finger, whereupon, in an extemporary humour, he inſtantly made theſe Verſes:

Arith-

Arithmetick nine digits and no more
Admits of, then I have all my ſtore;
But what miſchance hath tane from my Left-hand,
It ſeems did only for a cypher ſtand,
Hence, when I ſcan my Verſe if I do miſs,
I will impute the fault only to this,
A fingers loſs, I ſpeak it not in ſport,
Will make a Verſe a foot too ſhort.

That he was of a free generous diſpoſition, not regarding at all the Riches of the World, may be ſeen in the firſt Poem of his Book, ſpeaking of the ineſtimable content he enjoyed in the Muſes, to thoſe of his friends which dehorted him from Poetry.

Go ſordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
My high-born Soul, which flies a nobler pitch;
Thou canſt not tempt her with adulterate ſhow,
She bears no appetite that flags ſo low, &c.

His Poems publiſh'd after his death, and uſher'd into the World by the beſt Wits of thoſe times, paſſed the Teſt with general applauſe, and have gone through ſeveral Impreſſions; To praiſe one, were in ſome ſort to diſpraiſe the other, being indeed all praiſe-worthy. His *Cambridge Duns* facetiouſly pleaſing, as alſo his *Parley with his Empty Purſe*, in their kind not out-done by any. He was by *Ben. Johnſon* adopted for his Son, and that as is ſaid upon this occaſion.

Mr. *Randolph* having been at *London* ſo long as that he might truly have had a parley with his

Empty

Empty Purſe, was reſolved to go ſee *Ben. Johnſon* with his aſſociates, which as he heard at a ſet-time kept a Club together at the *Devil-Tavern* near *Temple-Bar*; accordingly at the time appointed he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting Money, which to an ingenious ſpirit is the moſt daunting thing in the World, he peep'd in the Room where they were, which being eſpied by *Ben. Jonhſon*, and ſeeing him in a Scholars thred-bare habit, *John Bo-peep*, ſays he, come in, which accordingly he did, when immediately they began to rime upon the meanneſs of his Clothes, asking him, If he could not make a Verſe? and withal to call for his Quart of Sack; there being four of them, he immediately thus replied,

I *John Bo peep*, to you four ſheep,
With each one his good fleece,
If that you are willing to give me five ſhilling,
'Tis fifteen pence a piece.

By *Jeſus*, quoth *Ben. Johnſon*, (his uſual Oath) I believe this is my Son *Randolph*, which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained into their company, and *Ben. Johnſon* ever after called him Son.

He wrote beſides his Poems, the *Muſes Looking-glaſs*, *Jealous Lovers*, and *Hey for Honeſty, down with Knavery*, Comedies; *Amintas*, a Paſtoral, and *Ariſtippus*, an Interlude.

Sir *JOHN*

Sir *JOHN BEAUMONT Baronet.*

SIr *John Beaumont* was one who Drank as deep Draughts of *Helicon* as any of that Age; and though not many of his Works are Extant, yet those we have be such as are displayed on the Flags of highest Invention; and may justly Stile him to be one of the chief of those great Souls of Numbers. He wrote besides several other things, a Poem of *Bosworth Field*, and that so Ingeniously, as one thus writes of it.

Could divine *Maro*, hear his Lofty Strain;
He would condemn his Works to fire again.

I shall only give you an Instance of some few lines of his out of the aforesaid Poem, and so conclude.

Here Valiant *Oxford*, and Fierce *Norfolk* meet;
And with their Spears, each other rudely greet:
About the Air the shined Pieces play,
Then on their Swords their Noble Hand they lay.
And *Norfolk* first a Blow directly guides,
To *Oxfords* Head, which from his Helmet slides
Upon his Arm, and biteing through the Steel,
Inflicts a Wound, which *Vere* disdains to feel.
But lifts his Faulcheon with a threatning grace,
And hews the Beaver off from *Howards* Face;

This being done, he with compaſſion charm'd,
Retires aſham'd to ſtrike a Man diſarm'd.
But ſtrait a deadly Shaft ſent from a Bow,
(Whoſe Maſter, though far off, the Duke could know:
Untimely brought this combat to an end,
And pierc'd the Brains of *Richards* conſtant Friend.
When *Oxford* ſaw him Sink his Noble Soul,
Was fyll of grief, which made him thus condole.
Farewel true Knight, to whom no coſtly Grave
Can give due honour, would my Tears might ſave
Thoſe ſtreams of Blood, deſerving to be Spilt
In better ſervice, had not Richard's *guilt*
Such heavy weight upon his Fortune laid,
Thy Glorious vertues had his Sins outweigh'd.

Dr. PHILEMON HOLLAND.

THis worthy Doctor, though we find not many Verſes of his own Compoſing, yet is deſervedly placed amongſt the Poets; for his numerous Tranſlations of ſo many Authors: inſomuch that he might be called the Tranſlator General of his Age; So that thoſe Books alone of his turning into Engliſh, are ſufficient to make a Country Gentleman a Competent Library for Hiſtorians. He is thought to have his Birth in *Warwick-ſhire*, but more certain to have his Breeding in *Trinity Colledge* in *Cambridge*; where he ſo Profited, that he became Doctor of Phyſick: and practiſed the ſame in *Coventry* in his (if ſo it were) native Country. Here did he begin and finiſh the Tranſlation

ſlation of ſo many Authors, that conſidering their Voluminouſneſs, a Man would think he had done nothing elſe; which made one thus to deſcant on him.

Holland with his Tranſlations doth ſo fill us,
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus*.

Now as he was a Tranſlator of many Authors, ſo was he very Faithful in what he did; But what commended him moſt in the Praiſe of Poſterity, was his Tranſlating *Cambdens Britania*, a Tranſlation more then a Tranſlation: he adding to it many more notes then what were firſt in the Lattin Edition, but ſuch as were done by Mr. *Cambden* in his Life time, diſcoverable in the former part with Aſtericks in the Margent; But theſe Additions with ſome Antiquaries obtain not equal Authenticalneſs with what was ſet forth by Mr. *Cambden* himſelf.

Some of theſe Books (notwithſtanding their Gigantick bigneſs) he wrote with one Pen, where he himſelf thus pleaſantly verſified.

With one ſole Pen, I writ this Book,
Made of a Gray Gooſe quill:
A Pen it was when I it took,
And a Pen I leave it ſtill.

This Monumental Pen he kept by him, to ſhow Friends when they came to viſit him, as a great Rarity.

THOMAS GOFF.

THomas Goff was one whose Abilities raiſ'd him to a high Reputation in the Age he lived in; chiefly for his Dramatick Writings: Being the Author of the *Couragious Turk*, *Rageing Turk*, *Selimus* and *Oreſtes* Tragedies; the *Careleſs Shepherdeſs* a Tragi-Comedy, and *Cupids Whirligig* a Comedy.

THOMAS NABBES.

THomas Nabbes was alſo one who was a great Contributer to the *Engliſh* Stage, chiefly in the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt; His Comedies were *The Brides*, *Covent-Garden*, *Totnam Court*, and the *Woman-hater Arraigned*. His Tragedies, *The Unfortunate Mother*, *Hannibal* and *Scipio*, and *The Tragedy of King* Charles *the Firſt*; beſides two Maſques, *The Springs Glory*, and *Microcoſmus*, and an *Entertainment on the Princes Birth-day*, an interlude.

RICHARD

RICHARD BROOME.

Richard Broome was a Servant to Mr. *Benjamin Johnſon*, a Servant (ſaith one) ſuitable to ſuch a Maſter; having an excellent Vain fitted for a Comique Strain, and both natural Parts and Learning anſwerable thereunto; though divers witty only in reproving, ſay, That this *Broome* had only what he ſwept from his Maſter: But the Comedies he Wrote, ſo well received and generally applauded, give the Lie to ſuch Detractors; three of which, *viz.* His *Northern Laſs*, *The Jovial Crew*, and *Sparagus Garden*, are little inferior if not equal to the writings of *Ben. Johnſon* himſelf; beſides theſe three Comedies before mentioned he wrote twelve others, *viz.* The *Antipodes*, *Court Beggar*, *City Wit*, *Damoyſelle*, *Mock Marriage*, *Love Sick Court*, *Mad Couple well Matcht*, *Novella*, *New Exchange*, *Queens Exchange*, *Queen and Concubine*, *Covent Garden Wedding*, and a Comedy called the *Lancaſter Witches*, in which he was joyned with *Heyward*.

Now what Account the Wits of that Age had of him, you ſhall hear from two of his own Profeſſion in Commendation of two of his Plays; and firſt thoſe of Mr. *James Shirley* on his Comedy the *Jovial Crew*.

This Comedy (ingenious Friends) will raiſe
It ſelf a Monument, without a praiſe:

Beg'd by the Stationer, who, with ſtrength of purſe,
And Pens, takes care, to make his Book ſell worſe.
And I dare calculate thy Play, although
Not Elevated unto *fifty two*;
It may grow old as time or wit, and he
That dares diſpiſe may after envy thee.
Learning the file of Poeſy may be
Fetch'd from the Arts and Univerſity:
But he that writes a Play, and good muſt know,
Beyond his Books, Men, and their Actions too.
Copies of Verſe, that makes the new Men ſwear,
Reach not a Poem, nor the Muſes heat;
Small Brain Wits, and wood may burn a while,
And make more noiſe then Forreſts on a Pile.
Whoſe Finers ſhrunk, ma' invite a Piteans Stream,
Not to Lament, but to extinguiſh them,
Thy fancies Mettal, and thy ſtream's much higher,
Proof 'gainſt their wit, and what that dreads the Fire.

The other of Mr. *John Ford* on the *Northern Laſs*.

Poets and *Painters* curiouſly compar'd
Give life to Fancy, and Atchieve reward,
By immortality of name, ſo thrives
Arts Glory, that All, which it breaths on lives.
Witneſs this *Northern Piece*, The Court affords
No newer Faſhion, or for wit, or words.
The Body of the Plot is drawn ſo fair,
That the Souls Language quickens with freſh Air. This

This well Limb'd Poem, by no rule, or thought
Too dearly priz'd, being or sold, or bought.

We could also produce you *Ben. Johnsons* Verses, with other of the prime Wits of those times; but we think these sufficient to shew in what respect he was held by the best Judgments of that Age.

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN.

THis *Robert Chamberlain* is also remembred amongst the Dramatick Writers of that time for two Plays which he wrote; the *Swaggering Damosel*, a Comedy: and *Sicelides* a Pastoral. There was also one *W. Chamberlain* who wrote a Comedy called *Loves Victory*.

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

ABout the same time also Flourisht *William Sampson*, who wrote of himself two Tragedies; The *Vow Breaker*, and *the Valiant Scot*: and joyned with *Markham* a Tragedy called *Herod* and *Antipater*, *and how to choose a good Wife from a Bad*, a Tragi-Comedy.

GEORGE

GEORGE SANDYS, Esquire.

THis worthy Gentleman was youngeſt Son of *Edwin Sandys* Arch-Biſhop of *York*, and born at *Biſhops Throp* in that County. He having good Education, proved a moſt Accompliſhed Gentleman, and addicting his mind to Travel, went as far as the Sepulcher at *Jeruſalem*; the rarities whereof, as alſo thoſe of *Ægypt*, *Greece*, and the remote parts of *Italy*: He hath given ſo lively a Deſcription, as may ſpare others Pains in going thither to behold them; none either before or after him having more lively and truly deſcribed them. He was not like to many of our *Engliſh* Travellers, who with their Breath Suck in the vices of other Nations, and inſtead of improving their Knowledge, return knowing in nothing but what they were ignorant of, or elſe with *Tom. Coriat* take notice only of Trifles and Toyes, ſuch Travellers as he in his moſt excellent Book takes notice of, the one ſayes he

Do Toyes divulge ———

The other carried on in the latter part of the Diſtick.

———Still add to what they hear,
And of a Mole-hill do a Mountain rear.

But his Travels were not only painful, but profitable, living piouſly, and by that means having the

the blessing of God attending on his endeavours, making a holy use of his viewing those sacred places which he saw at *Jerusalem*; Take an instance upon his sight of that place where the three wise men of the *East* offered their Oblations to our Saviour.

Three Kings to th' King of Kings three gifts did bring,
Gold, Incense, Myrrh, as Man, as God, as King;
Three holy gifts be likewise given by thee
To *Christ*, even such as acceptable be;
For Myrhah, Tears; for Frankincense impart
Submissive Prayers; for pure Gold, a pure Heart.

He most elegantly translated *Ovid* his *Metamorphosis* into English Verse, so that as the Soul of *Aristotle* was said to have transmigured into *Thomas Aquinas*, so might *Ovid*'s Genius be said to have passed into Mr. *Sandys*, rendring it to the full heighth, line for line with the Latin, together with most excellent Annotations upon each Fable. But his Genius directed him most to divine subjects, writing a Paraphrase on the Book of *Job*, *Psalms*, *Ecclesiastes*, *Canticles*, &c. as also a divine Tragedy on *Christs Passion*. He lived to be a very aged man, having a youthful Soul in a decayed Body, and died about the year 1641.

Sir

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

SIR *John Suckling*, in his time, the delight of the Court and darling of the Muſes, was one ſo filled with *Phœbean* fire, as for excellency of his wit, was worthy to be Crowned with a Wreath of Stars, though ſome attribute the ſtrength of his lines to favour more of the Grape than the Lamp; Indeed he made it his Recreation, not his Study, and did not ſo much ſeek fame as it was put upon him: In my mind he gives the beſt Character of himſelf in thoſe Verſes of his in the *Seſſions of the Poets*:

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But ſtrait one whiſper'd *Apollo* i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He lov'd not the Muſes ſo well as his ſport.

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At Bowles, above all the Trophies of wit.
But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly ſaid,
'Twere fit that a fine were ſet upon's head.

Beſides his Poems, he wrote three Plays, the *Goblins* a Comedy, *Brenoval* a Tragedy, and *Aglaura* a Tragi-Comedy. He was a loyal perſon to his Prince, and in that great defection of Scotch Loyalty in 1639. freely gave the King a hundred Horſes. And for his Poems, I ſhall conclude with what the Author of his Epiſtle to the Reader ſaies of them, *It had been a Prejudice to poſterity, and an in-*

injury to his own Ashes, should they have slept in Oblivion.

Mr. *WILLIAM HABINGTON.*

HE was one of a quick wit and fluent language, whose Poems coming forth above thirty years ago, under the Title of *Castara*, gained a general fame and estimation, and no wonder, since that human Goddess by him so celebrated, was a person of such rare endowments as was worthy the praises bestowed upon her, being a person of Honour as well as Beauty, to which was joyned a vertuous mind, to make her in all respects compleat. He also wrote the History of the Reign of King *Edward* the Fourth, and that in a style sufficiently florid, yet not altogether pleasing the ear, but as much informing the mind, so that we may say of that Kings Reign, as Mr. *Daniel* saith in his Preface to his History of *England*, *That there was never brought together more of the main.* He also wrote a Tragi-Comedy, called, *The Queen of* Arragon, which as having never seen, I can give no great account of it.

Mr. *FRANCIS QUARLES.*

Francis Quarles, son to *James Quarles*, Esq; was born at *Stewards* at the Parish of *Rumford*, in the County of *Essex*, and was bred up in the University of *Cambridge*, where he became intimately ac-

acquainted with Mr. *Edward Benlowes*, and Mr. *Phineas Fletcher*, that Divine Poet and Philosopher, on whose most excellent Poem of the *Purple Island*, hear these Verses of Mr. *Quarles*, which if they be as delightful to you in the reading, as to me in the writing, I question not but they will give you content.

Mans *Body*'s like a *House*, his greater *Bones*
Are the main *Timber*; and the lesser ones
Are smaller *splints*: his *ribs* are *laths* daub'd o're
Plaister'd with *flesh* and *blood*: his *mouth*'s the door,
His *throat*'s the narrow *entry*, and his *heart*
Is the great *Chamber*, full of curious art:
His *midriff* is a large *Partition-wall*
'Twixt the great *Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*:
His *stomach* is the *Kitchin*, where the meat
Is often but half sod for want of heat:
His *Spleen*'s a *vessel* Nature does allot
To take the *skum* that rises from the Pot:
His *lungs* are like the *bellows*, that respire
In every *Office*, quickning every fire:
His *Nose* the *Chimny* is, whereby are vented
Such *fumes* as with the *bellowes* are augmented:
His *bowels* are the *sink*, whose part's to drein
All noisom *filth*, and keep the *Kitchin* clean:
His *eyes* are Christal *windows*, clear and bright;
Let in the object and let out the sight.
And as the *Timber* is or great, or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall:
Yet is the likeliest *Building* sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Oft times by *tempests*, by the full mouth'd *blasts*
Of *Heaven*; sometimes by *fire*; sometimes it wasts

Through

Through unadvis'd *neglect*: put case the stuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough
To conquer time, and age; put case it should
Nere know an end, alas, our *Leases* would;
What hast thou then, *proud flesh and blood*, to boast?
Thy daies are evil, at best; but few, at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

He afterwards went over into *Ireland*, where he became Secretary to the Reverend *James Usher*, Arch-bishop of *Armagh*: one suitable to his disposition, having a Genius byassed to Devotion; Here at leisure times did he exercise himself in those ravishing delights of Poetry, but (alwaies with the *Psalmist*) his *heart was inditing a good matter*; these in time produced those excellent works of his, *viz.* his Histories of *Jonas*, *Esther*, *Job*, and *Sampson*; his *Sions Songs* and *Sions Elegies*, also his *Euchyridion*, all of them of such a heavenly strain, as if he had drank of *Jordan* instead of *Helicon*, and slept on Mount *Olivet* for his *Pernassus*. He had also other excursions into the delightful walks of Poetry, namely, his *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, a Science (as he himself saith) taken out of Sir *Philip Sidney*'s Orchard, likewise his *Epigrams*, *Shepherds Oracles*, Elegies on several persons, his *Hierogliphicks*, but especially his *Emblems*, wherein he hath *Out-Alciated Alcialus* himself. There hath been also acted a Comedy of his called, *The Virgin Widdow*, which passed with no ordinary applause. But afterwards the Rebellion breaking forth in *Ireland* (where his losses were very great) he was forced to come over; and being a true Loyalist to his Soveraign, was again plundred of his Estate here, but what he

took

took most to heart (for as for his other losses he practiced the patience of *Job* he had described) was his being plundred of his Books, and some rare Manuscripts which he intended for the Press, the loss of which, as it is thought, facilitated his death, which happned about the year of our Lord, 1643. to whose memory one dedicated these lines by way of Epitaph.

To them that understand themselves so well,
As what, and who lies here, to ask, I'll tell,
What I conceive Envy dare not deny,
Far both from falsehood, and from flattery.

Here drawn to Land by Death, doth lie
A Vessel fitter for the Skie,
Than *Jason*'s *Argo*, though in *Greece*
They say, it brought the Golden Fleece.
The skilful Pilot steer'd it so,
Hither and thither, too and fro,
Through all the Seas of Poverty,
Whether they far or near do lie,
And fraught it so with all the wealth
Of wit and learning, not by stealth,
Or privacy, but perchance got
That this whole lower World could not
Richer Commodities, or more
Afford to add unto his store.
To Heaven then with an intent
Of new Discoveries, he went
And left his Vessel here to rest,
Till his return shall make it blest.
The Bill of Lading he that looks
To know, may find it in his Books.

Mr.

Mr. *PHINEAS FLETCHER.*

THis learned perſon, Son and Brother to two ingenious Poets, himſelf the third, not ſecond to either, was ſon to *Giles Fletcher*, Doctor in Law, and Embaſſadour from Queen *Elizabeth* to *Theodor Juanowick* Duke of *Muſcovia*; who though a Tyranick Prince, whoſe will was his Law, yet ſetled with him very good Terms for our Merchants trading thither. He was alſo brother to two worthy Poets, *viz. George Fletcher*, the Author of a Poem, entituled, *Chriſts Victory and Triumph over and after Death*; and *Giles Fletcher*, who wrote a worthy Poem, entituled, *Chriſts Victory*, made by him being but Batchelor of Arts, diſcovering the piety of a Saint, and divinity of a Doctor. This our *Phineas Fletcher* was Fellow of *Kings Colledge* in *Cambridge*, and in Poetick fame exceeded his two Brothers, in that never enough to be celebrated Poem, entituled, *The Purple Iſland*, of which to give my Reader a taſte (who perhaps hath never ſeen the Book) I ſhall here add two Stanza's of it.

Thrice happy was the worlds firſt infancy,
Nor knowing yet, nor curious ill to know:
Joy without grief, love without jealouſie:
None felt hard labour, or the ſweating Plough:
The willing earth brought tribute to her King:
Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
Of big (wollen Grapes; their drink was every ſilver ſpring.

And

And in another place, ſpeaking of the vanity of ambitious Covetouſneſs.

Vain men, too fondly wiſe, who plough the Seas,
With dangerous pains another earth to find:
Adding new Worlds to th' old, and ſcorning eaſe,
The earths vaſt limits daily more unbind!
The aged World, though now it falling ſhows,
And haſts to ſet, yet ſtill in dying grows,
Whole lives are ſpent to win, what one Deaths hour muſt loſe.

Beſides this *Purple Iſland*, he wrote divers *Piſcatorie Eclogues*, and other *Poetical Miſcelanies*, alſo a Piſcatory Comedy called *Sicelides*, which was acted at *Kings-Colledge* in *Cambridge*.

Mr. *GEORGE HERBERT*.

THis divine Poet and perſon was a younger brother of the Noble Family of the *Herberts* of *Montgomery*, whoſe florid wit, obliging humour in converſation, fluent Elocution, and great proficiency in the Arts, gained him that reputation at *Oxford*, where he ſpent his more youthful Age, that he was choſen Univerſity Orator, a place which required one of able parts to Mannage it; at laſt, taking upon him Holy Orders, not without ſpecial Encouragement from the King, who took notice of his extraordinary Parts, he was made Parſon of *Bemmerton* near *Salisbury*, where he led a Seraphick life, converting his Studies altogether to ſerious and Divine Subjects;

Subjects; which in time produced those his so generally known and approved Poems entituled, *The Temple.*

Whose Vocal notes tun'd to a heavenly Lyre,
Both learned and unlearned all admire.

I shall only add out of his Book an Anagram, which he made on the name of the Virgin *Mary.*

MARY.

ARMY.

And well her name an Army doth present,
In whom the Lord of Hosts did pitch his Tent.

Mr. *RICHARD CRASHAW.*

THis devout Poet, the Darling of the *Muses*, whose delight was the fruitful Mount *Sion*, more than the barren Mount *Parnassus*, was Fellow first of *Pembrook-Hall*, after of St. *Peters-Colledge* in *Cambridge*; a religious pourer forth of his divine Raptures and Meditations, in smooth and pathetick Verse. His Poems consist of three parts, the first entituled, *Steps to the Temple*, being for the most part Epigrams upon several passages of the New Testament, charming the ear with a holy Rapture. The Second part, *The delights of the Muses*, or Poems upon several occasions, both English and Latin; such rich pregnant Fancies as shewed his Breast to be filled with *Phœbean* Fire.

The third and last part *Carmen Deo nostro*, being Hymns and other sacred Poems, dedicated to the Countess of *Denbigh*, all which bespeak him,

The learned Author of Immortal Strains.

He was much given to a religious Solitude, and love of a reclusé Life, which made him spend much of his time, and even lodge many Nights under *Tertullian's* roof of Angels, in St. *Mary's* Church in *Cambridge*. But turning *Roman Catholick*, he betook himself to, that so zealously frequented place, *Our Lady's of Lorretto in Italy*; where for some years he spent his time in Divine Contemplations, being a Canon of that Church, where he dyed.

Mr. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

MR. *William Cartwright* a Student of *Christ Church* in *Oxford*, where he lived in Fame and Reputation, for his singular Parts and Ingenuity; being none of the least of *Apollo's* Sons, for his excelling vein in Poetry, which produc'd a Volume of Poems, publisht not long after his Death, and usher'd into the World by Commendatory Verses of the choicest Wits at that time; enough to have made a Volume of it self: So much was he reverenced by the Lovers of the Muses. He wrote, besides his Poems, *The Ordinary*, a Comedy; the *Royal Slave*, *Lady Errant*, and *The Seige*, Or, *Loves Convert*, Tragi-Comedies.

Sir

Sir *ASTON COCKAIN.*

SIr *Aston Cockain* laies Claim to a place in our Book, being remembred to Posterity by four Plays which he wrote, *viz. The Obstinate Lady*, a Comedy; *Trapolin supposed a Prince*, *Tyrannical Government*, Tragi-Comedies; and *Thersites* an Interlude.

Sir *JOHN DAVIS.*

THis worthy Knight, to whom Posterity is indebted for his learned Works, was well beloved of Queen *Elizabeth*, and in great Favour with King *James*. His younger Years he addicted to the study of Poetry, which produced two excellent Poems, *Nosce Teipsum*, and *Ochestra*: Works which speak themselves their own Commendations: He also wrote a judicious Metaphrase on several of *David's* Psalms, which first made him known at Court: afterwards addicting himself to the Study of the Common-Law of *England*; he was first made the Kings Serjeant, and after his Attorney-General in *Ireland*.

THOMAS MAY.

THomas *May* was one in his time highly eſteemed, not only for his Tranſlation of *Virgils Georgicks*, and *Lucans Pharſalia* into Engliſh, but what he hath written *Propria Minerva*, as his Supplement to *Lucan*, till the Death of *Julius Cæſar*: His Hiſtory of *Henry* the Second in Verſe; beſides what he wrote of Dramatick, as his Tragedies of *Antigone*, *Agrippina*, and *Cleopatra*; *The Heir*, a Tragi-Comedy; *The Old Couple*, and *The Old Wives Tale*, Comedies; and the Hiſtory of *Orlando Furioſo*; of theſe his Tragi-Comedy of *The Heir* is done to the life, both for Plot and *Language*; and good had it been for his Memory to Poſterity, if he had left off Writing here; but taking diſguſt at Court for being fruſtrated in his Expectation of being the Queens Poet, for which he ſtood Candidate with Sir *William Davenant*, who was preferred before him, out of meer Spleen, as it is thought for his Repulſe, he vented his Spite in his Hiſtory of the late Civil Wars of *England*; wherein he ſhews all the Spleen of a Male-contented Poet, making thereby his Friends his Foes, and rendring his Fame odious to Poſterity; ſuch is the Nature of Malice, that as the Poet ſaith,

Impoiſon'd with the Drugs of cruel Hate,
Draw on themſelves an unavoided Fate.

CHARLES ALEYN.

CHarles *Aleyn* was one and that no deſpicable Poet, as may be ſeen by his Works, which ſtill live in Fame and Reputation, writing in Heroick verſe the Life of King *Henry* the Seventh, with the Battle of *Boſworth*; and alſo the Battle of *Creſcy* and *Poitiers*, in which he is very pithy and ſententious: I ſhall only give you two inſtances, the firſt out of his Battle of *Creſcy*.

They ſwell with love who are with valour fill'd,
And *Venus* Doves may in a Head-piece build.

The other out of his Hiſtory of King *Henry* the Seventh.

Man and Money a mutual Falſhood ſhow,
Man makes falſe Mony, Mony makes man ſo.

GEORGE WITHERS.

GEorge *Withers* was one who loved to Fiſh in troubled Waters, being never more quiet then when in Trouble, of a reſtleſs Spirit, and contradicting Diſpoſition; gaining more by Reſtraint then others could get by their Freedom, which his ungoverned (not to ſay worſe) Pen often brought him unto, ſo that the *Marſhalſea* and *Newgate* were no Strangers unto him. He

was born in *Hantſhire* (if it be every whit the more honour to the County for his Birth) a prodigious Pourer forth of Rhime, which he ſpued from his Maw, as *Tom Coriat* formerly uſed to ſpue *Greek*, and that with a great pretence to a Poetical Zeal, againſt the Vices of the Times; which he mightily exclaim'd againſt in his *Abuſes Stript and Whipt*, his *Motto*, *Brittains Remembrancer*, &c. with other Satyrical Works of the like nature: He turn'd alſo into *Engliſh* Verſe the Songs of *Moſes*, and other Hymns of the Old Teſtament; beſides theſe he wrote a Poem called *Philaret*, the *Shepherds Hunting*, his *Emblems*, *Campo Muſæ*, *Opo-Balſamum*, the *Two Pitchers*, and others more then a good many, had not his Muſe been more Loyal than it was; he was living about the Year 1664. when I ſaw him, and ſuppoſe he lived not long after.

ROBERT HERRIC.

Robert Herric one of the Scholars of *Apollo* of the middle Form, yet ſomething above *George Withers*, in a pretty Flowry and Paſtoral Gale of Fancy, in a vernal Proſpect of ſome Hill, Cave, Rock, or Fountain; which but for the Interruption of other trivial Paſſages, might have made up none of the worſt Poetick Landskips. Take a view of his Poetry in his Errata to the Reader in theſe lines.

For theſe Errata's, Reader thou do'ſt ſee,
Blame thou the Printer for them, and not me:
Who

Who gave him forth good Grain, tho he miſtook,
And ſo did ſow theſe Tares throughout my Book.

I account him in Fame much of the ſame rank, as he was of the ſame Standing, with one *Robert Heath*, the Author of a Poem, Entituled, *Clarastella*, the aſcribed Title of that Celebrated Lady, who is ſuppoſed to have been both the Inſpirer and chief Subject of them.

JOHN TAYLOR the Water-Poet.

SOme perhaps may think this Perſon unworthy to be ranked amongſt thoſe Sons of *Apollo* whom we mentioned before; but to them we ſhall anſwer, That had he had Learning according to his natural Parts, he might have equal'd, if not exceeded, many who claim a great ſhare in the Temple of the Muſes. Indeed, for ought I can underſtand, he never learned no further then his *Accidence*, as we may learn from his own Words in one of his Books.

I muſt confeſs I do want Eloquence,
And never Scarce did learn my *Accidence*;
For having got from *Poſſum* to *Poſſet*,
I there was gravel'd, could no further get.

He was born in *Gloceſter-ſhire*, where he went to School with one *Green*; who, as *John Taylor* ſaith, loved new Milk ſo well, that to be ſure to have it new, he went to the Market to buy a Cow; but his Eyes being Dim, he cheapned a Bull, and

asking the price of the Beast, the Owner and he agreed; and driving it home, would have his Maid to Milk it, which she attempting to do, could find no Teats: and whilst the Maid and her Master were arguing the matter, the Bull very fairly pist into the Pail; whereupon his Scholar *John Taylor* wrote these Verses.

Our Master *Green* was over-seen
In buying of a Bull,
For when the Maid did mean to milk,
He pist the Pail half full.

He was afterwards bound Apprentice to a Waterman of *London*, a Laborious Trade: and yet though it be said, that *Ease is the Nurse of Poetry*, yet did he not only follow his Calling, but also plyed his Writings, which in time produced above fourscore Books, which I have seen; besides several others unknown to me; some of which were dedicated to King *James*, and King *Charles* the First, and by them well accepted, considering the meanness of his Education to produce works of Ingenuity. He afterwards kept a Publick House in *Phœnix Alley* by *Long-Acre*, continuing very constant in his Loyalty to the King, upon whose doleful Murther he set up the Sign of the *Mourning Crown*; but that being counted Malignant in those times of Rebellion, he pulled down that, and hung up his own Picture, under which were writ these two lines.

There's many a King's Head hang'd up for a Sign,
And many a Saint's Head too, then why not Mine?

He

He dyed about the Year 1654. upon whom one bestowed this Epitaph.

Here lies the Water-Poet, honest *John*,
Who rowed on the Streams of *Helicon*;
Where having many Rocks and dangers past,
He at the Haven of Heaven arriv'd at last.

THOMAS RAWLINS.

Thomas Rawlins my old Friend, chief Graver of the Mint to King *Charles* the First, as also to King *Charles* the Second till the Year 1670. in which he died. He was an Excellent Artist, perhaps better then a Poet, yet was he the Author of a Tragedy called *The Rebellion*, which hath been acted not without good Applause; besides some other small things which he wrote.

Mr. *THOMAS CAREW.*

This learned Gentleman Mr. *Carew*, one of the Bed-Chamber to King *Charles* the First, was in his time reckoned among the chiefest for delicacy of wit and Poetick Fancy, which gained him a high Reputation amongst the most ingenious persons of that Age. He was a great acquaintance of Mr. *Thomas May*, whom none can deny to be an able Poet, although Discontent made him warp his Genius contrary to his natural Fancy, in commendation

mendation of whoſe Tradi-Comedy called *The Heir*, Mr. *Carew* wrote an excellent paper of Verſes. His Books of Poems do ſtill maintain their fame amongſt the Curious of the preſent age.

Col. *RICHARD LOVELACE.*

I Can compare no Man ſo like this Colonel *Lovelace* as Sir *Philip Sidney*, of which latter it is ſaid by one in an Epitaph made of him,

Nor is it fit that more I ſhould acquaint,
Leſt Men adore in one
A Scholar, Souldier, Lover, and a Saint.

As for their parallel, they were both of noble Parentage, Sir *Philip's* Father being Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and Preſident of *Wales*; our Colonel of a Vicount's name and Family; Scholars none can deny them both: The one Celebrated his Miſtreſs under the bright name of *Stella*, the other the Lady Regent of his Affections, under the Banner of *Lucaſta*, both of them endued with tranſcendent Sparks of Poetick Fire, and both of them expoſing their Lives to the extreameſt hazard of doubtful War; both of them ſuch Soldiers as is expreſſed by the Poet.

Undaunted Spirits, that encounter thoſe
Sad dangers, we to Fancy ſcarce propoſe.

To conclude, Mr. *Lovelace's* Poems did, do, and ſtill will live in good Eſteem with all knowing true Lovers of Ingenuity.

ALEX-

ALEXANDER BROOME.

Alexander Broome our Engliſh *Anacreon*, was an Attorney in the Lord Mayors Court; who beſides his practice in Law, addicted himſelf to a Jovial ſtrain in the raviſhing Delights of Poetry; being the ingenious Author of moſt of thoſe Songs, which on the Royaliſts account came forth during the time of the *Rump*, and *Oliver's* Uſurpation; and were ſung ſo often by the Sons of Mirth and *Bacchus*, and plaid to by the ſprightly Violin. Take for a taſt a verſe of one of his Songs.

Come, come, let us drink,
'Tis in vain to think,
  Like fools, on grief or Sadneſs;
Let our Money fly,
And our Sorrows die,
  All worldly care is Madneſs:
But Sack and good Chear,
Will in ſpight of our fear,
  Inſpire our Souls with Gladneſs.

I ſhall only add his Poem which he made on the great Cryer at *Weſtminſter-Hall*, by which you may judge of his Abilities in Poetry.

When the Great Cryer in that greater Room,
Calls *Faunt-le-roy*, and *Alexander Broome*,
The people wonder (as thoſe heretofore,
When the Dumb ſpoke) to hear a Cryer Roar.

The kitling Crue of Cryers that do ſtand
With *Eunuchs* voices, ſqueaking on each hand,
Do ſignifie no more, compar'd to him,
Then Member *Allen* did to Patriot *Pim*.
Thoſe make us laugh, while we do him adore;
Their's are but *Piſtol*, his Mouths *Cannon-Bore*.
Now thoſe ſame thirſty Spirits that endeavor,
To have their names enlarg'd, and laſt for ever,
Muſt be Attorneys of this Court, and ſo
His voice ſhall like Fame's loudeſt Trumpet blow
Their names about the world, and make them laſt,
While we can lend an Ear, or he a Blaſt.

He wrote beſides thoſe airy Fancies, ſeveral other Serious Pieces; as alſo a Comedy called the *Cunning Lover*.

Mr. *JOHN CLEVELAND*.

THis eminent Poet, the Wit of our age, was born at *Hinckley*, a ſmall Market Town in the County of *Leiceſter*, where his Father was the Reverend and Learned Miniſter of the place. *Fortes creantur e fortibus*, and bred therein under Mr. *Richard Vines* his School-maſter, where he attained to a great perfection in Learning, by choiceſt Elegancies in Greek and Latin, more elegantly Engliſh; ſo that he may be ſaid to have lived wit, like an Engliſh *Bard*, and early ripe accompliſhed for the Univerſity.

From

From a loving Father and learned School-Master, he was sent to *Christ Colledge* in *Cambridge*, where he proved such an exquisite Orator, and pure Latinist, as those his Deserts preferred him to a Fellowship in St. *Johns*. There he lived about the space of nine Years, the Delight and Ornament of that Society; what service as well as reputation he did it, let his excellent Orations and Epistles speak: To which the Library oweth much of its Learning, the Chapel much of its pious Decency, and the Colledge much of its Renown.

He was (saith Dr. *Fuller*) a general Artist, pure Latinist, exquisite Orator, and (which was his Master-Piece) eminent Poet; whose verses in the time of the Civil War begun to be in great request, both for their Wit and Zeal to the King's Cause, for which indeed he appeared the first, if not only Champion in verse against the *Presbyterian* party. His Epistles were pregnant with Metaphors, carrying in them a difficult plainness, difficult at the hearing, plain at the considering thereof. His lofty Fancy may seem to stride from the top of one Mountain to the top of another, so making to it self a constant Level and Champian of continued Elevations.

These his eminent parts preferr'd him to be Rhetorick Reader, which he performed with great Applause; and indeed, what was it in which he did not excel? This alone may suffice for his Honour, that after the Oration which he addressed to that incomparable Prince of Blessed Memory, *Charles* the First; His Majesty called for him, gave him his hand to Kiss, and (with great expressions of kindness) commanded a Copy to be sent after him, whither he was hasting that night. Such

Such who have *Clevelandiz'd*, that is, endeavoured to imitate his Maſculine ſtile, yet could never go beyond his Poem of the *Hermophrodite*; which though inſerted into Mr. *Randolphs* Poems (one of as high a tow'ring Wit as moſt in that age;) yet is well known to be Mr. *Clevelands*; it being not only made after Mr. *Randolph's* death, but hath in it the very *vein* and ſtrain of Mr. *Cleveland's* Writing, walking from one height to another, in a conſtant Level of continued Elevation. And indeed ſo elaborate are all his other pieces of Poetry, as to praiſe one were to detract from the reſt, and are not to be the leſs valued by the Reader, becauſe moſt ſtudyed by the Writer: Take but a taſte of the Loftineſs of his ſtile, in thoſe verſes of his called *Smectymnuus.*

Smectymnuus! the Goblin makes me ſtart,
I'th' name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welſh?* what skilt?
Up all the Brick-layers that *Babel* built.
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it;
Till then 'tis fit for a *Weſt-Saxon* Poet.
But do the Brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with Diſguizes?
Out-brave us with a name in rank and file,
A name which if 't were train'd would ſpread a mile;
The Saints Monopoly, the zealous Cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter.

Thus he ſhined with equal Light and Influence, until that great defection of Loyalty over-ſpread the Land, and Rebellion began to unvizard it ſelf; of which no Man had more ſagacious Prognoſticks,

of

of which take this one instance; when *Oliver Cromwell* was in Election to be Burgess for the Town of *Cambridge*, as he ingaged all his Friends and Interests to oppose it; so when it was passed, he said with much passionate zeal, *That single vote ruined both Church and Kingdom*; such fatal events did he presage from his bloody Beak: For no sooner did that *Harpey* appear in the University, but he made good what was predicted of him, and he amongst others, that were outed for their Loyalty, was turned out of his Fellowship at St. *Johns*; out of which Loyal Colledge was then ejected Dr. *Beal* the Master, thirteen Batchellors of Divinity, and fourteen Masters of Art, besides Mr. *Cleveland*.

And now being forced from the Colledge, he betook himself to the Camp, and particularly to *Oxford* the Head quarter of it, as the most proper and proportionate Sphere for his Wit, Learning, and Loyalty; and added no small Lustre to that famous University, with which it shined before.

Here he managed his Pen as the highest Panegyrist (witness his *Rupertismus*, his Elegy on the Bishop of *Canterbury*, &c.) on the one side to draw out all good inclinations to vertue: and the smartist Satyrist, exemplifi'd in the *Rebel Scot*, the *Scots Apostacy*, which he presented with such a Satyrical Fury, that the whole Nation fares the worse for it, lying under a most grievous Poetical Censure. Such also were his Poem of *The mixt Assembly*, his Character of a *London* Diurnal, and a *Committee-Man*; Blows that shakes triumphing Rebellion, reaching the Souls of those not to be reached by Law or Power, striking each Traytor to a Paleness, beyond that of any Loyal Corps, that

that bled by them; such Characters being as indelible as Guilt stabs beyond Death.

From *Oxford*, his next stage was the Garrison of *Newark*, where he was Judge Advocate until the Surrender thereof; and by an excellent temperature of both, was a just and prudent Judge for the King, and a faithful Advocate for the Country. Here he drew up that excellent Answer and Rejoynder to a Parliament Officer, who had sent him a Letter by occasion of one *Hill*, that had deserted their side, and brought with him to *Newark* the sum of 133 *l.* and 8*d.* I shall only give you part of Mr. *Clevelands* Answer to his first Letter, by which you may give an Estimate of the rest.

Sixthly, *Beloved it is so, that our Brother and fellow-Labourer in the Gospel is Start aside; then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in Man, or in the Son of Man. Did not* Demas *leave* Paul, *did not* Onesimus *run from his Master* Philemon? *Also this should teach us to employ our Talents, and not to lay them up in a Napkin; had it been done among the Cavaliers, it had been just, then the* Israelite *had spoiled the* Ægyptian: *but for* Simeon *to plunder* Levi, *that*——that——*&c.*

This famous Garrison was maintained with much courage and resolution against the Besiegers, and not surrendred but by the King's special Command, when first he had surrendred himself into the hands of the *Scots*; in which action of that Royal Martyr, we may conclude our *Cleveland Vates*, both Poet and Prophet: For besides his passionate resentment of it in that excellent Poem, *The Kings disguise*; upon some private intelligence, three days before the King reached them, he foresaw the pieces of Silver paying upon the banks of *Tweed*,

Tweed, and that they were the price of his Sovereigns Blood, and predicted the Tragical events.

Thenceforth he followed the fate of distressed Loyalty, subject to the Malice and Vengeance of every Fanatick Spirit, which seldom terminates but in a Goal, which befel this learned Person, being long imprisoned at *Yarmouth:* where living in a lingering Condition, and having small hopes of coming out, he composed an Address to that Idol at *White-Hall*, *Oliver Cromwell*, written with such Tow'ring Language, and so much gallant Reason, as looked bigger than his Highness, shrinking before the Majesty of his Pen, as *Felix* trembled before *Paul.* So obtaining his Liberty, not by a servile Submission, but rather a constrained Violence, neither injuring his Conscience, nor betraying his Cause.

And so now with *Daniel* being delivered out of the Lyons Den, he was courted to several places, (which contended as emulously for his abode, as the seven *Grecian* Cities for *Homers* Birth;) at last he setled in *Grays-Inn*, which when he had enobled with some short time of his residence, an intermitting Fever seized him, whereof he dyed, on *Thursday* Morning, *April* the 29. 1658. from whence his Body was brought to *Hunsden-House*, and on *Saturday* being *May-day*, was buried at *Colledge-hill-Church*; His dear Friend Dr. *John Pearson* (afterwards Lord Bishop of *Chester*) preached his Funeral Sermon, who rendred this Reason; why he cautiously declined all commending of the Party deceased, Because such praising of him would not be adequate to any expectation in that Auditory; seeing some, who knew him not, would think it far above him, while those, who knew him

muſt needs know it far below him.

Many there were who ſought to eternize their own Names by honouring his; ſome by Elegies, and other Devices, amongſt the reſt one made this Anagram upon his name.

JOHN CLEAVELAND.

HELICONIAN DEW.

The difficult Trifle (ſaith one) is rather well endeavoured, than exactly performed. More happy were thoſe Wits, who deſcanted on him and his works in Verſe, although ſo eminent a Poet was never interred with fewer Elegies than he; for which we may aſſign two Reaſons, One that at that time the beſt Fancies of the *Royal Party* were in reſtraint, ſo that we may in part think their Muſes confin'd, as well as their Bodies. Secondly, not to do it to the heighth, were in a manner to diſpraiſe him. However I ſhall adventure to give you an inſtance in two, whereof the firſt of Mr. *Edward Martin* of *London.*

Ye Muſes do not me deny;
I ever was your Votary.
And tell me, ſeeing you do daign
T' inſpire and feed the hungry Brain;
With what choice Cates? With what choice Face?
To *Cleaveland's* fancy ſtill repair?
Fond Man, ſay they, why do'ſt thou queſtion thus?
Ask rather with what Nectar he feeds us.

The other by Mr. *A. B.* printed before Mr. *Cleveland's* Works.

Cleaveland again his sacred head doth raise,
Even in the dust crown'd with immortal Bayes,
Again with verses arm'd that once did fright
Lycambe's Daughters from the hated Light,
Sets his bold foot on Reformations neck,
And triumphs o'er the vanquisht Monster *Smec*;
That *Hydra* whose proud heads did so encrease,
That it deserv'd no less an *Hercules*.
This, this is he who in Poetick Rage,
With Scorpions lash'd the Madness of the age;
Who durst the fashions of the times despise,
And be a Wit when all Mankind grew wise.
When formal Beards at Twenty one were seen,
And men grew Old almost as soon as Men:
Who in those daies when reason, wit, and sence
Were by the Zealots grave Impertinence
Ycliped Folly, and in Ve-ri-ty
Did savour rankly of Carnality.
When each notch'd Prentice might a Poet prove.
For warbling through the Nose a Hymn of Love,
When sage *George Withers* and grave *William Prin*,
H' nself might for a Poets share put in:
Yet then could write with so much art and skill,
That *Rome* might envy his Satyrick Quill;
And crabbed *Persius* his hard lines give ore,
And in disdain beat his brown Desk no more.
How I admire thee *Cleaveland!* when I weigh
Thy close-wrought Sense, and every line survey!

They are not like those things which some compose,
Who in a maze of Words the Sense do lose.
Who spin one thought into so long a thread,
And beat their Wit too thin to make it spread;
Till 'tis too fine for our weak eyes to find,
And dwindles into Nothing in the end.
No; they'r above the Genius of this Age,
Each word of thine swells pregnant with a Page.
Then why do some Mens nicer ears complain,
Of the uneven Harshness of thy strain?
Preferring to the vigour of thy Muse
Some smooth weak Rhymer, that so gently flowes,
That Ladies may his easy strains admire,
And melt like Wax before the softning fire.
Let such to Women write, you write to Men;
We study thee, when we but play with them.

Sir *JOHN BERKENHEAD.*

SIr *John Berkenhead* was a Gentleman, whose worth and deserts were too high for me to delineate. He was a constant Assertor of his Majesties Cause in its lowest Condition, painting the Rebels forth to the life in his *Mercurius Aulicus* and other Writings; his *Zany Brittanicus* who wrote against him, being no more his Equal, than a Dwarf to a Gyant, or the goodness of his cause to that of the Kings; for this his Loyalty he suffered several Imprisonments, yet always constant to his first Principles.

ciples. His skill in Poetry was such, that one thus writes of him.

Whil'st Lawrel sprigs anothers head shall Crown,
Thou the whole Grove mayst challenge as thy Own.

He survived to see his Majesties happy Restoration, and some of them hanged who used their best endeavor to do the same by him. As for his learned Writings, those who are ignorant of them, must plead ignorance both to Wit and Learning.

Dr. *ROBERT WILD.*

HE was one, and not of the meanest of the Poetical Cassock, being in some sort a kind of an *Anti-Cleaveland*, writing as high, and standing up as stifly for the *Presbyterians*, as ever *Cleaveland* did against them: But that which most recommended him to publick fame, was his *Iter Boreale*, the same in Title though not in Argument, with that little, but much commended Poem of Dr. *Corbets* mentioned before. This being upon General *Monk's* Journey out of *Scotland*, in order to his Majesties Restoration, and is indeed the Cream and flower of all his Works, and look't upon for a lofty and conceited Stile. His other things are for the most part of a lepid and facetious nature, reflecting on others, who as sharply retorted upon him, for he that throwes stones at other, 'tis ten to one but is hit with a stone himself; one of them playing upon his red face thus. *I like the Man that carries in his Face,*

the tincture of that bloody Banner he fights under, and would not have any Mans countenance, prove so much an Hypocrite to croſs a French Proverb.

His Noſe plainly proves,
What pottage he loves.

Hear one of their reflections upon him, on his humble thanks, for his Majeſties Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience.

When firſt the *Hawkers* bawl'd 'ith' ſtreets *Wild's* name,
A lickeriſh longing to my Pallat came;
A feaſt of Wit I look't for, but, alaſs!
The meat ſmelt ſtrong, and too much *Sawce* there was, *&c.*

Indeed his ſtrain, had it been fitted to a right key, might have equal'd the chiefeſt of his age.

Mr. *ABRAHAM COWLEY.*

THis Gentleman was one, who may well be be ſtil'd the glory of our Nation, both of the preſent and paſt ages, whoſe early Muſe began to dawn at the Thirteenth year of his age, being then a Scholar at *Weſtminſter*-School, which produc'd two little Poems, the one called *Antonius* and *Melida*, the other *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; diſcovering in them a maturity of Sence, far above the years that writ them; ſhewing by theſe his early Fruits, what in time his ſtock of worth would come

come to. And indeed Fame was not deceived in him of its Expectation, he having built a lasting Monument of his worth to posterity, in that compleat Volume of his Works, divided into four parts: His Mistress, being the amorous Prolusions of his youthful Muse; his Miscelanies, or Poems of various arguments; his most admired Heroick Poem *Davideis*, the first Books whereof he compos'd while but a young Student at *Trinity*-Colledge in *Cambridge*; and lastly, that is, in order of time though not of place, his *Pindaric Odes*, so call'd from the Measure, in which he translated the first *Ithmian* and *Nemean Odes*, where as the form of those *Odes* in the *Original* is very different, yet so well were they approved by succeeding Authors, that our primest Wits have hitherto driven a notable Trade in *Pindaric Odes*. But besides these his *English* Poems, there is extant of his writing a Latine Volume by it self, containing a Poem of Herbs and Plants: Also he Translated two Books of his *Davideis* into Latine Verse, which is in the large Volume amongst the rest of his Works.

Mr. *EDMOND WALLER*.

THis Gentleman is one of the most fam'd Poets, and that not undeservedly of the present age, excelling in the charming Sweets of his Lyrick Odes, or amorous Sonnets, as also in his other occasional Poems both smooth and strenuous, rich of Conceit, and eloquently adorned with proper Similies: view his abilities in this Poem of his, concerning the Puissance of our Navies, and the *English* Dominion at Sea.

Lords

Lords of the Worlds great Waſt, the Ocean, we
Whole Forreſts ſend to reign upon the Sea;
And every Coaſt may trouble or relieve,
But none can viſit us without our leave;
Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seat arrive,
While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade
The bad with Vengeance, or the good to aid:
Our little world the image of the great,
Like that amidſt the boundleſs Ocean ſet,
Of her own growth has all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare as Tribute from the waves.
As *Ægypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to her *Nyle* owes more then to the ſky;
So what our Earth, and what our Heaven denies,
Our ever conſtant friend, the Sea ſupplies.
The taſt of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the Scorching Sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm, in *Perſian* Silks we ſhine,
And without Planting drink of every Vine;
To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs,
Gold, though the heavieſt mettal, hither ſwims.
Ours is the Harveſt where the *Indians* mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others Sow.

I ſhall only add two lines more of his, quoted by ſeveral Authors.

All that the Angels do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

In

In ſum, this our Poet was not Inferior to *Carew*, *Lovelace*, nor any of thoſe who were accounted the brighteſt Stars in the Firmament of Poetry.

Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

SIr *John Denham* was a Gentleman, who to his other Honors had this added; that he was one of the Chief of the *Delphick Quire*, and for his Writings worthy to be Crowned with a wreath of Stars. The excellency of his Poetry may be ſeen in his *Coopers Hill*, which whoſoever ſhall deny, may be accounted no Friends to the Muſes: His Tragedy of the *Sophy*, is equal to any of the Chiefeſt Authors, which with his other Works bound together in one Volume, will make his name Famous to all Poſterity.

Sir *WILLIAM DAVENANT.*

SIr *William Davenant*, may be accounted one of the Chiefeſt of *Apollo's* Sons, for the great Fluency of his Wit and Fancy: Eſpecially his *Gondibert*, the Crown of all his other Writings; to which Mr. *Hobbs* of *Malmsbury* wrote a Preface, wherein he extolleth him to the Skyes; wherein no wonder (ſayes one) if Compliment and Friendly Compliance do a little biaſs and over-ſway Judgment. He alſo wrote a Poem entituled *Madagaſcar*, alſo a *Farrago* of his Juvenile, and other Miſcellaneous Pieces: But his Chiefeſt matter

matter was what he wrote for the *English* Stage, of which was four Comedies, *viz. Love and Honour*, *The Man is the Master*; *The Platonick Lovers*; and *The Wits*. Three Tragedies; *Albovine*, *The Cruel Brother*, and *The unfortunate Lovers*. Two Tragi-Comedies, the *Jul Italian*; and the *Loſt Lady*. And Six Maſques, *viz. Brittania Triumphans*; *The Cruelty of the* Spaniards *in* Peru; *Drakes* Hiſtory Firſt Part; *Siege of Rhodes* in two Parts, and *The Temple of Love*; Beſides his Muſical Drama's, when the uſual Playes were not ſuffered to be Acted, whereof he was the firſt Reviver and Improver by painted Scenes after his Majeſties Reſtoration; erecting a new Company of Actors, under the Patronage of the Duke of *York*.

Now this our Poet, as he was a Wit himſelf, ſo did ſeveral of the Wits play upon him; amongſt others Sir *John Suckling* in his Seſſion of the Poets hath theſe Verſes.

Will. Davenant aſham'd of a Fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately Travelling into *France*;
Modeſtly hoped the Handſomneſs of's Muſe,
Might any Deformity about him excuſe.
And
Surely the Company would have been content,
If they could have found any Preſident;
But in all their Records either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a Noſe.

His Works ſince his Death have been fairly Publiſhed in a large Volume; to which I refer my Reader.

Sir

Sir *GEORGE WHARTON.*

HE was one was a good Souldier, Famous Mathematician, and an excellent Poet; alwayes Loyal to his Prince: For whose Service he raised a Troop of Horse at his own Charge, of which he became Captain himself; and with much Gallantry and Resolution behaved himself. Nor was he less serviceable to the Royal Cause with his Pen, of which he was a resolute Assertor: Suffering very much by Imprisonment, even to the apparent hazard of his Life. He having so Satyrically wounded them in his *Elenchus*, as left indelible Characters of Infancy upon their Actions. His Excellent Works collected into one Volume, and Published in the Year, 1683. By the Ingenious Mr. *Gadbury*, are a sufficient Testimony of his Learning, Ingenuity and Loyalty; to which I refer the Reader.

In sum, as he participated of his Masters Sufferings; So did he enjoy the Benefit of his Restoration, having given him a Place of great Honor and Profit, with which he lived in Credit and Reputation all the days of his Life.

Sir

Sir *ROBERT HOWARD.*

SIr *Robert Howard*, of the Noble Family of the Earls of *Berk-ſhire*, a Name ſo reverenced, as it had Six Earls at one time of that Name. This Noble Perſon to his other Abilities, which Capacitated him for a Principal Office in his Majeſties Exchequer; attained to a conſiderable Fame by his Poetical Works: Eſpecially for what he hath written to the Stage, *viz.* The *Blind Lady*; *The Committee*; and *The Surprizal*, Comedies; The *Great Favorite*, and *The Veſtal Virgin*, Tragedies; *Inforc'd Marriage*, a Tragi-Comedy, and *The Indian Queen* a Dramatick Hiſtory.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH
Duke of *New-Caſtle*

THis Honourable Perſon, for his eminent Services to his Prince and Country, preferred from Earl to Duke of *New-Caſtle*; was a Perſon equally addicted both to Arms and Arts, which will eternize his Name to all Poſterity, ſo long as Learning, Loyalty, and Valour ſhall be in Faſhion. He wrote a ſplendid Treatiſe of the Art of Horſemanſhip, in which his Experience was no leſs than his Delight; as alſo two Comedies, *The Variety*, and the *Country Captain*. Nor was his Dutcheſs no leſs buſied in thoſe raviſhing Delights of Poetry

try, leaving to Posteriry in Print three ample Volumes of Her studious Endeavors; one of Orations, the second of Philosophical Notions and Discourses, and the third of Dramatick and other kinds of Poetry, of which five Comedies, *viz. The Bridalls*; *Blazing World*; *Covent of Pleasure*; *The Presence*; and *The Sociable Companions, or Female Wits.*

Sir *WILLIAM KILLIGREW.*

SIr *William Killigrew*, was one whose Wings of Fancy displayed as high Invention, as most of the Sons of *Phœbus* of his time; contributing to the Stage five Playes, *viz. Ormardes, The Princess, or Love at first sight*; *Selindra*, and *The Seige* of *Urbin*, Tragi-Comedies; and a Comedy called *Pandora*. To whom we may joyn Mr. *Thomas Killigrew*, who also wrote five Plays, *viz. The Parsons Wedding*; and *Thomaso, or the Wanderer*, Comedies; the *Pilgrim* a Tragedy; and *Claraxilla*, and *The Prisoners*, Tragi-Comedies.

JOHN STUDLEY.

WAs one who besides other things which he wrote, contributed to the Stage four Tragedies, *viz. Agamemnon, Hyppolitus, Hercules Oetes*, and *Medea*, and therefore thought worthy to have a Place amongst the rest of our *English* Poets.

JOHN

JOHN TATHAM.

JOhn *Tatham* was one, whoſe Muſe began to bud with his Youth; which produced early Bloſſomes, of not altogether Contemptible Poetry, in a Collection of Poems entituled *Fancys Theater*; which was uſher'd into the World by divers of the Chief VVits of that age. He was afterwards City Poet, making thoſe Speeches and Repreſentations uſed at the Lord Mayors ſhow, and other Publick Meetings. He alſo contributed to the Stage four plays, *viz.* The *Scots Fegaries*; and *The Rump, or Mirror of the late times*, Comedies; the *Diſtracted State*, a Tragedy, and *Love crowns the End*; a Tragy-Comedy. Here a taſt of his juvenile wit in his *Fancys Theater* ſpeaking in the Perſon of *Momus*.

How now preſumptuous Lad, think'ſt thou that we
VVi'll be diſturb'd with this thy Infancy
Of Wit? ——
Or does thy amorous Thoughts beget a flame,
(Beyond its merit) for to court the name
Of Poet; or is't common now a days
Such ſlender VVits dare claim ſuch things as Bays? *&c.*

THOMAS

THOMAS JORDEN.

COntemporary with him was *Thomas Jorden*, and of much like equal Fame; indulging his Muſe more to vulgar Fancies, then to the high flying wits of thoſe times, yet did he write three Plays, *viz. Mony's an Aſs*; and *The Walks of* Iſlington *and* Hogſden, Comedies; and *Fancys Feſtivals*, a Mask.

HUGH CROMPTON.

HE was born a Gentleman, and bred up a Scholar, but his Father not leaving him Means enough to ſupport the one, and the Times in that Condition, that without Money Learning is little regarded; he therefore betook him to a Gentile Employment, which his Learning had made him capable to do; but the ſucceſſion of a worſe fate diſemploying him, as he himſelf ſaith in his Epiſtle to the Reader of his Book, entituled, *Pierides, or the Muſes Mount*, he betook him to his Pen, (that Idleneſs might not ſway) which in time produced a Volume of Poems, which to give you a taſt of the briskneſs of his Muſe, I ſhall inſtance in a few lines, in one or two of them.

VVhen I remember what mine eyes have ſeen,
And what mine Ears have heard,
Concerning Muſes too too young and green;

And

And how they have been jear'd,
T' expose my own I am afear'd.

And yet this fear decreases, when I call
To my tempestuous mind,
How the strong loins of *Phœbus* Children all,
Have faln by Censures mind:
And in their road what Rocks they find.

He went over afterwards into *Ireland*, where he continued for some time; but whether he dyed there or no, I am not certain.

EDMUND PRESTWICH.

Edmund Prestwich, was one who deservedly cometh in as a Member of the Noble Society of Poets, being the Author of an ingenious Comedy called the *Hectors*, or *False Challenge*; as also *Hippolytus* a Tragedy; what ever he might have written besides, which may not have come to my knowledge.

PAGAN FISHER.

Paganus Piscator, vulgarly *Fisher*, was a notable Undertaker in Latin Verse, and had well deserved of his Country, had not lucre of Gain and private Ambition over-swayed his Pen, to favour successful Rebellion. He wrote in Latin his *Marston-Moor*; *A Gratulatory Ode of Peace*; English

Engliſhed afterwards by *Thomas Manley*, and other Latin pieces, beſides Engliſh ones, not a few, which (as we ſaid) might have been meriting, had not thoſe worldly Conſiderations over-ſwayed the Dictates of his own Conſcience. But this his temporizing with the Times, preferred him to be Poet Laureat (if that were any Preferment) to that notorious Traytor *Oliver Cromwell*; to whom being Uſurper, if his Muſe did homage, it muſt be conſidered (ſaith Mr. *Phillips*) that Poets in all times have been inclinable to ingratiate themſelves with the higheſt in Power, by what Title ſo ever.

However it was, I have heard him often confeſs his Unhappineſs therein: and imparted to me a deſign he had, of committing to memory the Monuments of the ſeveral Churches in *London* and *Weſtminſter*; not only thoſe mentioned by *Stow* and *Weaver*, but alſo thoſe who have been erected ſince, which might have been of great uſe to Poſterity, had it been done before the great Conflagration of the Fire, thereby preſerving many Monuments, endangered ſince to be loſt, but Death interpoſing hindred him of his Deſign.

EDWARD SHIRBURN, Eſq;

Edward Shirburn (ſaith a learned Author) was intimately knowing as well of the ancient Greek and Latin, as of the choiceſt of modern Poets, both *Italian*, *French*, and *Spaniſh*; and in what he hath elegantly and judiciouſly Tranſlated

either of the former or latter; in the Translating of which he hath discovered a more pure Poetical Fancy, than many others can justly pretend to in their Original Works. Nor was his Genius confined only to Poetry, his Version of those Books of *Manilius*, which relate meerly to Astronomy, is a very Noble Work, being set forth with most exact Notes, and other learned and proper Illustrations. Besides many other genuine Pieces which he wrote.

JOHN QUARLES.

John Quarles, Son to *Francis Quarles*, Esq; may be said to be born a Poet, and that his Father's Genius was infused into him; nor was he less Loyal in his Principles to his Prince, writing besides several other VVorks, an Elegy on the Lord *Capell*, and *A Curse against the Enemies of Peace*; of which I remember those were the two last lines.

That all the world may hear them hiss and cry,
Who loves no peace, in peace shall never die.

He was also addicted to Arms, as well as Arts, and, as I have been informed, was a Captain in the King's Army, but then Loyalty suffering an Eclipse, he came up to *London*, and continued there till the great Sickness, which swept away of the Pestilence no fewer than 68586 persons, amongst whom this unfortunate Gentleman was one, tho to my knowledge, to prevent it, he might have been kindly welcom to his worthy Kinsman, Mr.

Mr. *William Holgate* of *Saffron-Walden* in *Essex*, but Fate had decreed it otherwise.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton was one, whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English Poets, having written two Heroick Poems and a Tragedy; namely, *Paradice Lost*, *Paradice Regain'd*, and *Sampson Agonista*; But his Fame is gone out like a Candle in a Snuff, and his Memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable Repute, had not he been a notorious Traytor, and most impiously and villanously bely'd that blessed Martyr King *Charles* the First.

JOHN OGILBY.

John Ogilby was one, who from a late Initiation into Literature, made such a Progress therein, as might well stile him to be the Prodigy of his time, sending into the world so many large and learned Volumes, as well in Verse as in Prose, as will make posterity much indebted to his Memory. His Volumes in Prose were his *Atlas*, and other Geographical Works, which gained him the Style and Office of the King's Cosmographer. In Verse his Translations of *Homer* and *Virgil*, done to the Life, and adorned with most excellent Sculptures; but above all, as composed *Propria*

Minerva; his Paraphraſe upon *Æſop*'s Fables, which for Ingenuity and Fancy, beſides the Invention of new Fables, is generally conſeſt to have exceeded what ever hath been done before in that kind. He alſo ſet forth King *Charles* the Second his Entertainment through *London*, when he went to his Coronation, with moſt admirable Cuts of the ſeveral Pageants as he paſſed through, and Explanations upon them. And that which added a great grace to his VVorks, he printed them all on ſpecial good Paper, and had them printed on very good Letter.

Sir *RICHARD FANSHAW.*

THis worthy Gentleman, one of *Apollo*'s chiefeſt Sons, was Secretary to King *Charles* the Second, when Prince of *Wales*, and after his Reſtoration, his Embaſſadour to *Spain*, where he died. His Employments were ſuch, as one would think he ſhould have had no time for Poetical Diverſions, yet at leiſure times he Tranſlated *Guarini*'s *Paſtor Fido* into Engliſh Verſe, and *Spencer*'s *Shepherds Callendar* into Latin Verſe.

ROGER

ROGER BOILE, Lord *Braghil*, Earl of *Orrery*.

THis Noble Perſon, the credit of the *Iriſh* Nobility for Wit and ingenious Parts, and who had the command of a ſmooth Stile, both in Proſe and Verſe; in which laſt he hath written ſeveral Dramatick Hiſtories, as *Muſtapha*, *Edward* the Third, *Henry* the Fifth, and *Tryphon*, all of them with good ſucceſs and applauſe, as writing after the French way of Rhyme, now of late very much in Faſhion.

THOMAS HOBBS of *Malmsbury*.

THis noted Perſon, who gave occaſion for ſo many Pens to band againſt him, is of the more conſideration, for what he hath either judged or writ in Poetry; but his *Leviathan*, which he wrote in Proſe, cauſed the Pen of a no leſs than a learned Biſhop to write againſt him. He wrote a Preface to *Davenant's Gondibert*, where no wonder if Complement and friendly Compliance do a little byaſs and over-ſway Judgment. His Latin Poem *De Mirabilibus Pexi*, wanteth not due Commendation. After many buſtles in the world, he ſequeſtred himſelf wholly to *Malmsbury*, where he died better inform'd (as I have heard) of the Deity, than in the former part of his life he ſeemeth to have been.

Earl of *ROCHESTER.*

THis Earl for Poetical Wit, was accounted the chief of his time; his Numbers flowing with so smooth and accute a Strain, that had they been all confined within the bounds of Modesty, we might well affirm they were unparallel'd; yet was not his Muse altogether so loose, but that with his Mirth he mixed Seriousness, and had a knack at once to tickle the Fancy, and inform the Judgement. Take a taste of the fluency of his Muse, in the Poem which he wrote *in Defence of Satyr.*

When *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher* rul'd the Stage,
They took so bold a freedom with the Age,
That there was scarce a Knave, or Fool in Town,
Of any note, but had his Picture shown;
And (without doubt) tho some it may offend,
Nothing helps more than Satyr, to amend
Ill Manners, or is truliest Vertues Friend.
Princes may Laws ordain. Priests gravely preach,
But Poets most successfully will teach.
For as the Passing-Bell frights from his meat
The greedy Sick-man, that too much wou'd eat;
So when a Vice ridiculous is made,
Our Neighbours Shame keeps us from growing bad.
But wholsom Remedies few Palats please,
Men rather love what flatters their Disease.

Pimps,

Pimps, Paraſites, Buffoons, and all the Crew
That under Friendſhip's name weak man undo;
Find their falſe ſervice kindlier underſtood,
Than ſuch as tell bold Truths to do us good.
Look where you will, and you ſhall hardly find
A man without ſome ſickneſs of the Mind.
In vain we wiſe wou'd ſeem, while every Luſt
Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Duſt.

Here for ſome needleſs gain a Wretch is hurld
From Pole to Pole, and ſlav'd about the World;
While the reward of all his pains and cares,
Ends in that deſpicable thing, his Heir.

There a vain Fop mortgages all his Land
To buy that gaudy Play-thing, a Command;
To ride a Cock-horſe, wear a Scarf at's——
And play the Pudding in a *May-pole Farce.*

Here one, whom God to make a Fool thought fit,
In ſpight of Providence, will be a Wit:
But wanting ſtrength t'uphold his ill made choice,
Sets up with Lewdneſs, Blaſphemy, and Noiſe.

There at his Miſtreſs feet a Lover lies,
And for a Tawdry painted Baby dies;
Falls on his knees, adores and is afraid
Of the vain Idol he himſelf has made.
Theſe, and a thouſand Fools unmention'd here,
Hate Poets all, becauſe they Poets fear.
Take heed (they cry) yonder mad Dog will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his fit:
Come but in's way, and ſtrait a new *Lampoon*
Shall ſpread your mangled fame about the Town

This Earl died in the Flower of his Age, and though his Life might be somewhat Extravagant, yet he is said to have dyed Penitently; and to have made a very good End.

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN.*

MR. *Thomas Flatman*, a Gentleman once of the middle Temple, of Extraordinary Parts, equally ingenious in the two Noble Faculties of Painting and Poetry; as by the several choice Pieces that have been seen of his Pourtraying and Limning, and by his Book of Poems, which came out about Fourteen or Fifteen Years ago, sufficiently appeareth: The so much Celebrated Song of the Troubles of Marriage, is ascribed to him.

Like a Dog with a Bottle tyed close to his Taile,
Like a Tory in a Bog, or a Thief in a Jail, *&c.*

MARTIN

MARTIN LUELLIN.

THis Gentleman was bred up a Student in *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*; where he addicted his Mind to the ſweet Delights of Poetry, writing an Ingenious Poem, entituled, *Men Miracles*, which came forth into the World with great applauſe. The times being then when there was not only *Cobling Preaching*, but *Preaching Coblers*; he followed the practice of Phyſick, and whether he be yet living is to me unknown.

EDMOND FAIRFAX.

EDmond Fairfax, a moſt judicious, elegant, and approved Poet, and who we ſhould have remembred before: But better out of due place, than not at all. This judicious Poet Tranſlated that moſt exquiſite Poem of *Torquato Taſſo*, the Prince of *Italian* Heroick Poets, which for the Exactneſs of his Verſion, is judged by ſome not inferior to the Original it ſelf. He alſo wrote ſome other things of his own Genius, which have paſſed in the World with a general applauſe.

HENRI

HENRY KING Biſhop of *Chicheſter.*

THis Reverend Prelate, a great lover of Muſick, Poetry, and other ingenious Arts; amongſt his other graver Studies, had ſome Excurſions into thoſe pleaſing Delights of Poetry; and as he was of an Obliging Converſation for his Wit and Fancy; ſo was he alſo very Grave and Pious in his Writings; Witneſs his Printed Sermons on the Lords Prayer, and others which he Preached on ſeveral Occaſions. His Father was *John King*, Biſhop of *London*; one full fraught with all Epiſcopal Qualities; who died *Anno* 1618. and was Buried in the Quire of St. *Paul's*, with the plain Epitaph of *Reſurgam*: But ſince a prime Wit did enlarge thereon, which for the Elegancy of it, I cannot but commit it to Poſterity.

Sad Relique of a bleſſed Soul, whoſe Truſt
We Sealed up in this religious Duſt.
O do not thy low Exequies ſuſpect,
As the cheap Arguments of our neglect.
'Twas a commanded Duty that thy Grave
As little Pride as thou thy ſelf ſhould have.
Therefore thy Covering is an humble Stone,
And but a Word * for thy Inſcription. * *Reſurgam*
When thoſe that in the ſame Earth Neighbour thee,
Have each his Chronicle and Pedigree.

They

They have their waving Penons, and their
Flags,
Of Matches and Alliance formal Brags.
When thou (although from Anceſtors thou
came,
Old as the Heptarchy, great as thy Name;)
Sleepeſt there inſhrin'd in thy admired Parts,
And haſt no Heraldry but thy Deſerts.
Yet let not them their prouder Marbles boaſt,
For they reſt with leſs Honour though more
Coſt.
Go ſearch the World, and with your Mattock
wound,
The groaning Boſom of the patient Ground:
Dig from the hidden Veins of her dark Womb,
All that is rare and precious for a Tomb.
Yet when much Treaſure, and more time is
ſpent,
You muſt grant his the Nobler Monument;
Whoſe Faith ſtands o're him for a Hearſe, and
hath
The *Reſurrection* for his *Epitaph.*

This worthy Prelate was born in the ſame County, Town, Houſe, and Chamber with his Father; Namely, at *Warn-hall* nigh *Tame* in *Buckingham-ſhire*, and was Bred up at *Chriſt-Church* in *Oxford.* in *Anno* 1641. when Epiſcopacy was beheld by many in a deep *Conſumption*, and hoped by others that it would prove Mortal. To cure this, it was conceived the moſt probable Cordial to preſer Perſons into that Order, not only unblameable for their Life, and eminent for their Learning; but alſo generally, beloved, by all diſegaged People; and amongſt theſe, King

Charles

Charles advanced this our Doctor, Biſhop of *Chicheſter*.

But all would not do, their Innocency was ſo far from ſtopping the Mouth of Malice; that Malice had almoſt ſwallowed them down her Throat. Yet did he live to ſee the Reſtitution of his Order, live a moſt religious Life, and at leiſure times Compoſed his generally admired and approved Verſion of *Davids* Pſalms into *Engliſh* Meetre.

THOMAS MANLEY.

Thomas Manley was (ſaith my Author) one of the Croud of Poetical writers of the late King's Time. He wrote among other things the Hiſtory of *Job* in verſe; and Tranſlated into *Engliſh*, *Pagan Fiſher* his *Congratulatory Ode of Peace.*

Mr. *LEWYS GRIFFIN.*

HE was born (as he informed me himſelf) in *Rutland ſhire*, and bred up in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*; where proving an Excellent Preacher, he was after ſome time preferred to be a Miniſter of St. *George's* Church in *Southwark*; where being outed for Marrying two Siſters without

out their Friends Consent, He was afterwards beneficed at *Colchester* in *Essex*; where he continued all the time during a sore Pestilence raged there. He wrote a Book of *Essays and Characters*, an excellent Piece; also *The Doctrine of the Ass*, of which I remember these two lines.

Devil's pretences always were Divine,
A Knave may have an Angel for a Sign.

He wrote also a Book called *The Presbyterian Bramble*; with several other Pieces, in Defence of the King and the Church. Now to shew you the Acuteness of his VVit, I will give you an Instance: The first year that *Poor Robin's* Almanack came forth (about Six and Twenty Years ago) there was cut for it a Brass Plate; having on one side of it the Pictures of King *Charles* the First, the Earl of *Strafford*, the Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, the Earl of *Darby*, the Lord *Capel*, and Dr. *Hewit*; all six adorned with Wreaths of Lawrel. On the other side was, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Bradshaw*, *Ireton*, *Scot*, *Harrison*, and *Hugh Peters*, hanging in Halters: Betwixt which was placed the Earl of *Essex*, and Mr. *Christopher Love*; upon which plate he made these Verses.

Bless us, what have we here! What sundry Shapes
Salute our Eyes! have Martyrs too their Apes?
Sure 'tis the War of Angels, for you'd Swear
That here stood *Michael*, and the *Dragon* there.
Tredescan is out-vy'd, for we engage
Both *Heaven* and *Hell* in an Octavo Page.

Martyrs

Martyrs and *Traytors*, rallied ſix to ſix,
Half fled unto *Olimpus*, half to *Styx*.
Joyn'd with two Neuters, ſome Condemn, ſome Praiſe,
They hang betwixt the *Halters* and the *Bayes*;
For 'twixt *Nolls* Torment, and Great *Charles's* Glory,
There, there's the *Presbyterian* Purgatory.

He died (as I am informed) at *Colcheſter*, about the Year of our Lord 1670.

JOHN DAUNCEY.

John Dauncey, a true Son of *Apollo*, and *Bacchus*; was one who had an Excellent Command of his Pen, a fluent Stile, and quick Invention: nor did any thing come amiſs to his undertaking. He wrote a compleat Hiſtory of the late times; a Chronicle of the Kingdom of *Portugal*; the *Engliſh Lovers*, a Romance; which for Language and Contrivance, comes not ſhort of either of the beſt of French or Spaniſh. He Tranſlated a Tragi Comedy out of French, called *Nichomede*, equal in Engliſh to the French Original; beſides ſeveral other things, too long to recite. His *Engliſh Lovers* was Commended by divers of ſound Judgment; amongſt others, Mr. *Lewis Griffin*, our forementioned Poet, made theſe verſes in commendations of it.

Rich

Rich Soul of Wit and Language, thy high
ſtrains
So plunge and puzzle unrefined brains;
That their Illiterate Spirits do not know,
How much to thy Ingenious Pen they owe.
Should my preſumptuous Muſe attempt to
raiſe
Trophies to thee, ſhe might as well go blaze
Bright Planets with baſe Colours, or diſplay
The Worlds Creation in a Puppet-Play.
Let this ſuffice, what Calumnies may chance,
To blur thy Fame, they ſpring from Ignorance.

When *Old Orpheus* drew the Beaſts along,
By ſweet Rhetorick of his learned Tongue,
'Twas deafneſs made the Adder ſin; and this
Caus'd him, who ſhould have hum'd the Poet,
hiſs.

RICHARD HEAD.

Richard Head, the Noted Author of the *Engliſh Rogue*, was a Miniſters Son, born in *Ireland*, whoſe Father was killed in that horrid Rebellion in 1641. Whereupon his Mother with this her Son came into *England*; and he having been trained up in Learning, was by the help of ſome Friends, for ſome little time brought up in the Univerſity of *Oxford*, in the ſame Colledge wherein his Father had formerly been a Student.

Put

But means falling ſhort, he was taken away from thence, and bound Apprentice to a Latin Bookſeller in *London*; attaining to a good Proficiency in that Trade. But his Genius being addicted to Poetry, and having *Venus* for his Horoſcope, e're his time were fully out, he wrote a Piece called *Venus Cabinet Unlock'd*: Afterwards he married, and ſet up for himſelf: But being addicted to play, a Mans Eſtate then runs in *Hazard*, (for indeed that was his Game) until he had almoſt thrown his Shop away. Then he betook himſelf to *Ireland*, his Native Country; where he compoſed his *Hic & Ubique*, a noted Comedy; and which gained him a general Eſteem for the worth thereof. And coming over into *England*, had it Printed, dedicating it to the then Duke of *Monmouth*; But receiving no great Incouragement from his Patron, he reſolved to ſettle himſelf in the World, and to that purpoſe, with his Wife took a Houſe in *Queens-Head Alley*, near *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and for a while followed his Buſineſs, ſo that contrary to the Nature of a Poet, his Pockets began to be well lined with Money: But being bewitched to that accurſed vice of Play, it went out by handfuls, as it came in piece by piece. And now he is to ſeek again in the World, whereupon he betook him to his Pen; and wrote the firſt part of the *Engliſh Rogue*: which being too much ſmutty, would not be Licenſed, ſo that he was fain to refine it, and then it paſſed ſtamp. At the coming forth of this firſt part, I being with him at three Cup Tavern in *Holborn*, drinking over a glaſs of *Rheniſh*, made theſe verſes upon it.

What

What *Guſman*, *Buſcon*, *Francion*, *Rablais* writ,
I once applauded for moſt excellent Wit;
But reading thee, and thy rich Fancies ſtore,
I now condemn what I admir'd before.
Henceforth Tranſlations pack away, be gone,
No Rogue ſo well-writ as the *Engliſh* one.

There was afterwards three more parts added to it by him, and Mr. *Kirkman* with a promiſe of a fifth, which never came out.

He wrote ſeveral other Books beſides, as *The art of Whedling*; *The Floating Iſland*; or a Voyage from *Lambethania to Ramalia*; *A diſcovery of O Brazil*; *Jacksons Recantation*, *The Red Sea*, &c. Amongſt others, he had a great Fancy in Bandying againſt Dr. *Wild*; (although I muſt confeſs therein over Matcht) yet fell he upon him tooth and nail in Anſwer to his Letter directed to his Friend Mr. *J. J.* upon Occaſion of his Majeſties Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience; concluding in this manner.

Thus Sir you have my Story, but am Sorry
(*Taunton* excuſe) it is no better for ye,
However read it, as you Peaſe are ſhelling;
For you will find, it is not worth the telling.
Excuſe this boldneſs, for I can't avoid
Thinking ſometimes, you are but ill Imploy'd.
Fiſhing for Souls more fit, then *frying Fiſh*;
That makes me throw, *Peaſe Shellings* in your *Diſh*.
You have a ſtudy, Books wherein to look,
How comes it then the Doctor's turn'd a Cook?

Well *Doctor Cook*, pray be advis'd hereafter
Don't make your Wife the Subject of our Laughter.
I find she's careless, and your Maid a slut,
To let you grease your *Cassock* for your gut.
You are all three in fault, by all that's blest;
Mend you your manners first, then teach the rest.

He was one who met with a great many Crosses and Afflictions in his Life; and was (as I am informed) at last cast away at Sea, as he was going to the Isle of *Wight*.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

John Phillips, the Brother of *Edward Phillips*, the Famous Continuator of Sir *Richard Bakers* Chronicle; and Author of *The New World of English Words*. He was also Nephew to the before mention'd *John Milton*, the Author of *Paradice lost*, and *Paradice Regain'd*; so that he might be said to have Poetical Blood run in his Veins. He was Accounted one of the exactest of Heroical Poets either of the Ancients or Moderns, either of our own or what ever other Nation else; having a Judicious command of Style both in Prose and Verse. But his chiefest Vein lay in *Burlesque*, and facetious Poetry, which produc'd that Ingenious Satyr against Hypocrites.

He

He also Translated the Fifth and Sixth Books of *Virgils Æniedes* into English *Burlesque*; of which that we may give you a Draught of his Method, take these few lines.

While *Dido* in a Bed of Fire,
A new-found way to cool desire,
Lay wrapt in Smoke, half Cole, half *Dido*,
Too late repenting Crime *Didoe*,
Monsieur Æneas went his waies;
For which I con him little praise,
To leave a Lady, not i' th' Mire,
But which was worser, in the Fire.
He Neuter-like, had no great aim,
To kindle or put out the flame.
He had what he would have, the Wind;
More than ten *Dido*'s to his mind.
The merry gale was all in Poop,
Which made the *Trojans* all cry Hoop!

He it was who wrote that Jovial Almanack of *Montelion*; besides several other things in a serious Vein of Poetry. Nor must we forget his Song made on the Tombs at *Westminster*; which for a witty drolling Invention, I hold it to be past Compare, being Printed in a Book called *The Misteries of Love and Eloquence.*

You may reckon among these his Elegy upon our late Soveraign, and his Anniversary to His Majesty; Compos'd all by Dr. *Blow*.

Mr. *JOHN OLDHAM.*

MR. *John Oldham*, the delight of the Muſes, and glory of thoſe laſt Times; a Man utterly unknown to me but only by Works, which none can read but with Wonder and Admiration; So Pithy his Strains, ſo Sententious his Expreſſions, ſo Elegant his Oratory, ſo Swimming his Language, ſo Smooth his Lines, in Tranſlating out-doing the Original, and in Invention matchleſs; whoſe praiſe my rude Pen is not able to Comprehend: Take therefore a ſmall Draught of his Perfections in a Funeral Elegy, made by the Laureat of our Nation, Mr. *John Dryden.*

Farewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame Poetick Mould with mine.
One common note on either Lyre did ſtrike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame Goal did both our Studies drive,
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus *Niſus* fell upon the Slippery place,
While his young Friend perform'd and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore,
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy Native Tongue.

But

But Satyr needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line,
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous Fruits, though gather'd e're their Prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time;
But Mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rhime.
Once more, hail and farwel, farwel thou young,
But all too ſhort *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy brows with Ivy, and with Lawrels bound;
But flat and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

This wittily learned Gentleman was of *Edmund-Hall* in *Oxford*, and dyed in the Earl of *Kingſton*'s Family in the prime of his Years; whoſe life had it been lengthened, might have produced as large a Volume of learned Works, as any this latter Age have brought forth.

AND thus have we given you an Account of all the most Eminent *English* Poets that have come to our knowledge; although we question not but many and those well deserving have slipped our Pen; which if these our Labours shall come to a Second Impression, as we question nothing to the contrary, we shall endeavour to do them right. In the mean time we shall give you a short Account of some of the most eminent that are now (or at least thought by us so to be) living at this time; and to conclude, beginning first with

Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

POet Laureat and Historiographer to his Royal Majesty; whose Poetry hath passed the World with the greatest Approbation and acceptance that may be, especially what he hath written of Dramatick, *viz. The Maiden Queen*; *The Wild Gallant*; *The Mock Astrologer*; *Marriage Alamode*; *The Amorous Old Woman*; and *The Assignation*, Comedies; *Tyranick Love*; and *Amboyna*, Tragedies; and *The Indian Emperor*; and two Parts of the Conquests of *Granada*; Historical Drama's. Besides several other Pieces, which speak their own worth, more than any Commendations my Pen can bestow upon them.

Mr.

Mr. *ELKUNAH SETTLE.*

AN Ingenious Perſon, who beſides his other Works hath contributed to the Stage two Tragedies, *viz. Cambiſes*, and *The Empreſs of Morrocco*, which notwithſtanding the ſevere cenſure of ſome, may deſervedly paſs with good Approbation.

Sir *GEORGE ETHERIDGE.*

THe Author of Two Comedies, *viz. Love in a Tub*; and *She Would if ſhe Could*; which for pleaſant Wit, and no bad Occonomy, are judged not unworthy the applauſe they have met with.

Mr. *JOHN WILSON.*

THe noted Author of that ſo Celebrated a Comedy entituled *The Cheats*; which hath paſſed the Stage and Preſs with ſo general an applauſe,

plauſe, alſo another Comedy called *The Projectors* and the Tragedy of *Andronicus Commenius.*

Mr. *THOMAS SHADWELL.*

ONe whoſe Pen hath deſerved well of the Stage, not only for the number of the Plays which he hath writ; but alſo for the ſweet Language and Contrivance of them. His Comedies are, *The Humorists*; *The Sullen Lovers*; *Epſom Wells*, &c. Beſides his *Royal Shepherdeſs*, a Paſtoral Tragi-Comedy; and his Tragedy of *Pſyche*, or rather Tragical *Opera*, as vying with the *Opera's* of *Italy*, in the Pomp of Scenes, Marchinry and Muſical performance:

THOMAS STANLEY.

THomas *Stanley* Eſquire, of *Cumberlo-Green* in *Hartfordſhire*; a general Scholar, one well known both in Philoſophy, Hiſtory, and Poetry. Witneſs his learned Edition of *Æſchylus*, and his lives of the Philoſophers; But for that which we take the moſt notice of him here, his ſmooth Air and gentile Spirit in Poetry; which appears not only in his own Genuine Poems, but alſo from what he hath ſo well Tranſlated out of Ancient Greek,

Greek, and Modern Italian, Spaniſh, and French Poets; So that we may well conclude him to be both the Glory and Admiration of his time.

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

Edward Phillips Brother to *John Phillips* aforeſaid, the Judicious Continuator of Sir *Richard Bakers* Chronicle; which will make his name Famous to Poſterity, no leſs than his Genuine Poems upon ſeveral occaſions, in which he comes not far ſhort of his Spritely Brother.

Mr. *THOMAS SPRAT.*

MR. *Thomas Spart*, whoſe Judicious Hiſtory of the *Royal Society*, for the Smoothneſs of the Stile, and exactneſs of the Method, deſerveth high Commendations; He hath alſo writ in Verſe a very applauded, tho little Poem, entitled *The Plague of* Athens.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM SMITH.

William Smith the Author of a Tragedy entituled *Hieronymo*; as alſo *The Hector of Germany.*

Mr. *JOHN LACEY.*

MR. *John Lacy*, one of the noted'ſt Wits of theſe Times, who as *William Shakeſpeare* and *Chriſtopher Marlow* before him, roſe from an Ator to be an Author to the Stage, having written two ingenious Comical Pieces, *viz. Monſieur Ragou*, and *The Dumb Lady.*

Mr. *WILLIAM WHICHERLY.*

MR. *William Whicherly*, a Gentleman of the Inner *Temple*, who beſides his other learned Works, hath contributed largely to the Stage, in his Comedies of *Love in a Wood*, *The Gentleman Dancing-Maſter*, *The Country Wife*, &c.

Sir

Sir *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

AND ſo we have reckoned up all the moſt Eminent Poets which have come to our knowledge, craving pardon for thoſe we have omitted. We ſhall conclude all with Sir *Roger L'Strange*, one whoſe Pen was never idle in aſſerting the Royal Cauſe, as well before the King's Reſtoration, againſt his open Enemies, as ſince that time againſt his Feigned Friends. Thoſe who ſhall conſider the Number and Greatneſs of his Books, will admire he ſhould ever write ſo many, and thoſe who have Read them, conſidering the Stile and Method they are writ in, will more admire he ſhould Write ſo well. And becauſe ſome people may imagine his Works not to be ſo many as he hath written, we will give you a Catalogue of as many as we can remember of them.

Collections in Defence of the King.
Toleration Diſcuſſed.
Relapſed Apoſtate.
Apology for Proteſtants.
Richard *againſt* Baxter.
Tyranny and Popery.
Growth of Knavery.
Reformed Catholique.
Free-born Subjects.
The Caſe Put.

Seaſonable

Seaſonable Memorials.
Anſwer to the Appeal.
No Papiſt.
The Shammer Shamm'd.
Account Cleared.
Reformation Reformed.
Diſſenters Sayings in Two Parts.
Notes on Colledge.
Citizen and Bumkin in Two Parts.
Further Diſcovery of the Plot.
Diſcovery on Diſcovery.
Narrative of the Plot.
Zekiel *and* Ephraim.
Appeal to the King and Parliament.
Papiſt in Maſquerade.
Anſwer to the Second Character of a Popiſh Succeſſor.

Theſe Twenty Six, with divers others, he writ in Quarto; Beſides which he wrote divers others, *viz.*

The Hiſtory of the Plot, in Folio.
Quevedo's *Viſions Engliſhed,* Octavo.
Eraſmus's *Coloquies Eng.* Oct.
Seneca's *Morals,* Oct.
Cicero's *Offices in Engliſh.*
The Guide to Eternity, in Twelves.
Five Love Letters from a Nun to a Cave, &c.
The Holy Cheat.
Caveat to the Cavaliers.
Plea for the Caveat and the Author.

Beſides his indefatigable pains taken in writing the *Obſervator,* a Work, which for Vindicating the Royal Intereſt, and undeceiving the People, conſidering the corruption of the Times, of as great

great use and behoof as may be, mens minds having been before so poysoned by Fanatical Principles, that it is almost an *Herculean* Work to reduce them again by Reason, or as we may more properly say, to Reason. Of which useful Work he hath done already Two large Volumes, and a Third almost compleated, his Pen being never weary in Service of his Country.

But should I go about to enumerate all the Works of this worthy Gentleman, I should run my self into an irrecoverable Labyrinth. Nor is he less happy in his Verse than Prose, which for Elegancy of Language, and quickness of Invention, deservedly entitles him to the honour of a Poet; and therefore I shall forbear to write more of him, since what I can do upon that account, comes infinitely far short of his deservings.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 6. line 4. for *Arts* read *Arts*, l. 25. r. *estimation*, p. 17. l. 1. r. *Havillah*, p. 24. l. 6. r. *Son*, p. 42. l. 5. r *better*, p. 82. l. 29. add *it*, p. 88. l. 18. r. *this*, l. 20 add *my*, p. 117. l. 28. r. *London*, p. 119. l. 21. r. *'twas*, p. 127. l. 14. r. *of*, p. 128. l. 28. r. *Athenian*, l. 30. r. *both*, p. 133. l. 9. r. *his*, p. 142. l. 2. r. *still*, p. 168. l. 18. r. *unknown*, p. 174. l. 20. r. *Ap.* p. 178. l. 25. r. *sure*, p. 187. l. 13. r. *infamy*; besides several other literal mistakes which I would desire the Reader to Correct with his Pen.

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